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ORIGINAL POETRY.

SOCIETY *versus* THE SEDUCED.

Whose only crime was having loved too well.'—Byron.

'Come not to me!—I know you not!
Your prayer's unheard—your hopes are vain;
Forgiveness? ha! that word's forgot;
Back to the haunts of shame and pain!
What say you? 'Twas another's hand
Dealt ye the poison unaware?
You should have spurned the chalice bland,
You might have *seen* the madness there.

'You should have known *whose* smiles deceive,—
Ay, seen what all but you have seen!
Known the hush'd deep with storms *would* heave
Though peace and heaven were gloss'd within.
What say you? Fashion mined the way
Where Nature dream'd of no disguise?
That I but shine to lead astray?
I hadest laud th' untasted prize!

'Peace!—dare you question, then, my power?
Whate'er I will, I vice proclaim;
My frown o'er you, as him, shall lower,—
Despoiled, or spoiler, 'tis the same.
Come not to me!—I will not yield—
Do wrong—but learn the right to feign.
I hate not vice—but *vice revealed*;—
Thy words are true—thy prayer is——VAIN!'

* * * * * *

And this is '*Justice!*'—oh, world!—and ye,
Forsooth, must redouble the *wrongs ye taught?*
Smoke with envenomed calumny,
The victim ye haunt with a 'hell of thought!'
And this your '*Mercy?*' Methinks the Fiend
Laughs out at ye—dupes of his traitorous game—
And drinks to the 'Morals of Man'—his friend!—
In a flagon of sanctified Lara-flame!

The Bird that sang 'mid our dreams, at morn,
Be storms out-driven o'er the ocean, far,
Meets kindly shelter, and a safe return,
Ere from the untutored mariner;—
The Dove, that the treacherous snare doth stain,
With the wealth of feeling her wound *must* pour—
Relented, will her native heaven regain—
But avoideth the tempter forever more.—

And shall she, oh God, who has suffered *wrong*,
Be doomed to a life of unending crime?—
Shall Hate—with her scorpion hiss and thong—
Scourge on through Eternity, as through time?
Shall *woman* dare ply the blistering scorn
Her tyrant '*lord*' knoweth to feign, in wrath,
And her *sister frighten from all return*
Through wrong—to madness—despair, and death!

Can ye cause to slay—and be free of blood?
Can ye virtues rear in a Draco-school?—
Is it thus ye seek for the 'Greatest Good?'—
Is it thus ye interpret the 'Golden Rule?'
Mad world! take back the accurs'd decree!—
Go sin no more—who repent shall live:—
And *know* that to err is humanity—
But *feel* that 'tis Godlike to forgive. E. R.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THOUGHTS ON GRAMMAR—NO II.

Murray's system of Grammar, together with those which are 'its roots and branches,' I am not backward to affirm, that they abound with so much obscurity, and such superfluities, absurdities and contradictions, as would not be suffered, at the present day, in any other branch of scientific instruction: and I greatly marvel that the public have borne with the impositions of the crafty Babylon so patiently and so long.

But lest I should be suspected of being too radical, I wish to be understood as proposing no change in language. The language we will suppose to be formed. So far as any language is the creature of custom merely, it is of course arbitrary.

But a grammar should, in no sense, be arbitrary. It should be a faithful chart, delineation, or exposition of language—otherwise it is a proper subject for reform by the most expert scholar, while he opposes reform in but the chief sin in a warfare against truth and God—against reason and science—against the interests of man, and the authority of Him who gave man reason to guide, and conscience to govern his conduct. Neither would I object to Murray's classification in general; though in some instances it appears to be wrong; for on what principle should the classification of words be made? Answer—As the object of grammar is to explain the structure of language, words should be classed (somewhat like posts, braces, beams, rafters, &c.) according to their architective relations.

If this principle were strictly adhered to, grammar and composition would be the same study; and the latter would advance in both, much more rapidly, more finally and satisfactorily, than he can at present in either of them, in their unnatural separation. This great improvement would greatly increase the utility of science.

And if this architective method is generally adopted in the system; or grammar would be a mass of non-

But exceptions are made in conformity to custom or etymology, and in imitation of foreign and ancient systems; and these exceptions seem to be needless and greatly derange, not only the classification, but the business of defining, of prescribing rules, and of teaching instruction, generally.

This practice appears, first, in making pronouns a part of speech separate from names; secondly in making several parts of speech of words which have no relation in syntax except adjuncts to nouns; as in the following:

I saw { *a* man, *one* man, *some* man, *no* man, *his* man, *Smith's* man,

Then it is said—'I saw *somebody*, but I saw *nobody* and *nobody* are classed alike. Why? Because they are used alike. Thus far grammar and position harmonize. And are not *some* and *no* alike? But grammarians tell us, *some* is a pronoun used instead of a noun to avoid repetition;' and an adjective—'added to a noun to express its quality.' Here they give, or rather *sell*, the scholar falsehoods, to darken his understanding, instead of truth to enlighten it!

The word *his* is parsed by Lowth as a pronominal adjective, and by Murray as an adjective pronoun; both supposed to be both pronoun and adjective, as 'I have his book;' or a pronoun, nominative or objective, as 'I saw *his*'—but it cannot be both in the same instance; because they are very different parts of speech in Lowth, Adam, and other standard authors, after referring the scholar to parse *his* as a pronoun, tell us in a margin, that, in reality, it 'is not a pronoun, but a genitive;' which amounts to a voluntary confession that they and their coadjutors are teaching falsehood, misleading the blind—a fact which might be easily proved to one not biased by habit and inculcation (such could be found) even if they had not seen fit to plead guilty.

Query—If *his* is an adjective pronoun, why is not the parallel expression *Smith's* an adjective noun?—But Dr Adam, in his Latin and in his English Grammar, admits that it is not unjustly imagined to be an adjective.

Thus the British grammarians have permitted some rays of light to mitigate the darkness of scholastic forms—while the humble transcribers of Murray, on this side of the Atlantic, have had no scruples of conscience, in administering to their unfortunate pupils the poison without the antidote.

Pronouns are proved to be only an order of nouns—not because Harris and others admit the fact, (this is but circumstantial evidence,) but by every consideration that can render classification at all necessary.—They are used alike, and parsed alike—they stand for the same idea—they change places with each other; and have the same distinctions and relations. In truth, the proper noun is less like the common noun than like the pronoun; as—

I saw { *John*, *him*, the *man*.

And the ancients reckoned the common noun as a separate part of speech, before they did the pronoun.—When two words are used relatively alike, it is an abuse of terms to call them two 'parts of speech.' But more of this perhaps hereafter.

My first objection to Murray, &c. is, therefore, that their classification is not always based on tyntactic or architective principles.

My second objection is, that their definitions are generally false, defective, indistinctive, or unmeaning.

My third, that the rules of syntax are false, exceptionable, defective or superfluous.

My fourth is, that these works, upon the whole, fall far short of faithfully unfolding, as should be done, the real architecture of the language; and therefore leave the scholar ignorant of many important facts in regard to the relations of words, and the influence of syntactic structure upon the style of composition.

In my future numbers reference will be had to the 2d, 3d and 4th objections, and some explanations and specimens will be given of Mr Felch's work.

A TEACHER.

SELECTED SKETCHES.

[From the Nantucket Inquirer.]

ELNATHAN YARDSTICK.

As the morning sun was exposing his countenance for about the thousandth time since Elnathan Yardstick had left the employment of his old master, and set up in the 'dry goods line' for himself, the said Elnathan was seen to issue from his father's mansion, and wend his way shopward, with a strap-encircled bundle of account books under one arm, a small leather brass-nailed trunk in his opposite hand, and the iron key to his repository of earthly goods and chattels peeping from the aperture of his coat pocket. The morning was unusually complacent—dew-drops hung quivering yet upon the grass, the earliest bird had warbled her matins at the azure gate of Heaven, the slumbering waters reflected each contiguous object with all the precision of a polished mirror, and the white smoke from every chimney was ascending perpendicularly and resting on the bright stillness of this placid sunrise. But the brow of Elnathan partook of none of that cheerfulness which so beautiful a scene ought to inspire; his hat was drawn moodily over his eyes, his nankins rested slovenly on the tops of his boots, his strides were long and ungraceful, and his blood suffused eyes, weary from the counting-room duties of the preceding evening, wore now a deadlier aspect than usual.

'To-day,' said he as he threw back the shutters, and laid by those iron bars, which with the assistance of sundry locks and bolts, usually protected his visible and tangible property from depredation—'To-day I hope not to be intruded on by a thousand gossipping customers, who have no inclination to buy, and if they had, lack that very material article in trade known by the common cognomen of *cash*. If there is any thing truly vexatious in the long catalogue of ills that flesh is heir to,' it is this endless haggling with those who do not desire to purchase.' So said Elnathan to himself as he earnestly plied the broom, that his floor might be relieved of its dusty diurnal deposits.

He uttered this sentiment, with an actual longing for its fulfilment—hoping for the occurrence of one day in four years, at the close of which he might say that his peace had remained unbroken by certain harpies in the shape of shoppers, who perambulate the streets, infest every retailing store, perplex every trader, and finally go away empty. But such a *rarite* was never intended to assist in promoting his happiness. Hour after hour, day after day, had he stood behind his counter, bowing in smiles to each visitor, stripping his shelves to complete nudity, brandishing his tripedal wand, and listening for orders to apply it to some of the various webs piled up around him—and almost as often had the heart-rending sound, 'I'll look farther,' rattled in his ear. A sale now and then, it is true, served to mollify his feelings; and notwithstanding he so frequently missed a trade, his hopes brightened at the appearance of each customer.

On this particular morning a glance at his note-book reminded him of a large amount of money to be paid at the Bank on the succeeding day; in default whereof, the fact to be blazed forth by the communicatives, that Elnathan Yardstick's paper had been dishonored! This he could not brook. Any thing reasonable he felt able to surmount; but the idea of a notarial protest was too much for his philosophy.

The first two hours of that morning were devoted to the drawing of bills, and anticipating their payment.—Soon the streets began to display all the beauty, wealth and fashion of the town, 'going a-shopping.' Elnathan brushed his hair, rewashed his hands, put on his most smirking visage, and assumed his accustomed position, hoping for sales that might assist him in the discharge of his pending obligation. The visitations commenced—'Good morning, Mrs B.' observed the knight of the buckram, as the first female apparition took off its silken bonnet and laid it aside for an hour's job—'what a delightful day we have!' 'Very fine,' said the respondent—'has thee any broadcloths?'—'Yes, ma'am—step this way if you please—what color Madam?' 'I'll look at some olive or brown.' A dozen pieces of each were thrown out for examination, and Elnathan moved quietly along to inquire into the wishes of another who had made her appearance. 'I'll see some of your shoes.' 'Yes ma'am; please to be seated; what size, madam?' 'Two and a half is my number.' 'Here are some small threes, that perhaps will suit.' Miss C—— tried them by hauling, stamping, prying with the shoe horn, and various other physical exertions, but to no purpose—the shoes had actually shrunken since their manufacture.—Elnathan presented some fours; they were troubled with nearly the same degree of tightness. Some fives were reached, which she tried, and asked for half a size larger! 'Heavens,' thought the astonished shopkeeper, 'she must have a foot like an elephant's, and wants a shoe lasted on a lapstone!'—he handed number six—they fitted—'Good,' thought he, 'now for a trade!' 'What is the price?' asked his customer.' 'Six-and-nine, ma'am'—'six and nine!—six and nine! why they don't ask but a dollar nowhere.' 'But madam, these are of superior manufacture—they cost me six and sixpence.' 'They did, ha? well, I s'pose you'll take off the threepence and give in the lacings?' 'Why, sooner than lose the sale you may take them.' 'Well lay them by, and if I cant do better, I'll call and get them.' So that bargain slipped through his fingers; but, thought he, there is the old lady left yet.

'Well ma'am,' said Elnathan, combing up his foretop with his fingers, 'do you find any cloths that suit you?' 'Not exactly: this ere piece comes the nearest,' answered the customer, pulling heavily back on the end of a roll, interwoven with about twenty other pieces, which she had tumbled and twisted together. 'What is the price, friend Yardstick?'—'Three and a half, ma'am,' said the elated tradesman, snapping the web between his thumb and finger; 'that ma'am is an English fabric, see what a fine, full, rich shade it has; that piece of goods cost me three dollars in Boston, ma'am, and it was considered the greatest bargain made in Kilby street for a month; there is no mistake about its importation; you may rest assured it is a foreign article.' Elnathan finished his string of praises in a breath, and stood waiting to know the number of yards desired. 'Well friend Yardstick, I'll like to have the cut me a pattern of each—pin them on a piece of paper, with the price marked below, and let thy boy carry them up to our house, for my husband always wants to look before he purchases.' Elnathan stood aghast. 'Ten dollars would not pay the damage done my cloths by the abominable pulling and stretching which they have undergone this forenoon,' he inwardly muttered; 'and now a sample from every piece, and all the other requisitions—and then fifty chances to one she'll buy at another shop.' The old lady had retired; and the merchant used up the remainder of the forenoon in complying with her demands.

The afternoon came, and brought its proportion of troubles; for no sooner had he uttered an anathema on his morning tormentors, and resumed his stand at the receipt of custom, than his counter was beset by a range of smiling faces, which might have been envied under almost any circumstances. One would like to look at some edging, another at some quilling, the third at some gloves, a fourth desired to examine some hosiery. Elnathan exhibited the latter—they would not do, she wanted Merino; he handed more, they were not ribbed; he tried again; they were the wrong color: once more said he, and another bundle was produced; they were of American fabric. 'I wish for an English article,' said his fair customer. 'Here they are said Elnathan. 'O these are not lace ankles, Mr Yardstick.' Now, thought he why in the name of heaven could she not not have asked in the first place for thick ribbed, blue, English, laced-ancled, Merino hose, and not create so much trouble for nothing? At length, in this instance a bargain was happily effected.

Elnathan during this examination, employed the intervals of time in supplying various little demands, such as cutting a yard or two of tape for this, selecting a skein of thread for that, and listening to a dirty-faced boy who came rushing up to the counter with 'Mother wants a cents worth of lectles.' 'Yes sir, did she say what size?' 'Lo she dideh.' 'Well, here they are.' 'She wants you to give her some elds of broadcloth, cause she's a good customer.' 'Tell your mother we sell the ends of broadcloth for vestings.'

By the time this applicant had departed, two pretty little misses stepped up and enquired for calicos. It was now towards night; Elnathan began to display, and his customers to scrutinize. This piece was a little too dark, this a little too light, that too large a figure, this not quite *odd* enough, and that they were afraid would wash out.

The tradesman delved away: this again was too gay, that too grave—one had a set figure, another some other fault. Elnathan grew restless, the blood struggled to burst through the epidermis of his phiz, when one of his visitants with a captivating smile, after having been informed she had examined every print in the store, said, 'Well, Mr Yardstick, if you hain't got any *odder* calicoes than these, I'll take a pattern of each—and (aside to her companion) you had better get some patterns too, you are making patchwork, aint you?' The merchant breathed aloud, it was growing dark, and here he stood up to his arms in a morass of chintz, and more than one hundred samples to cut immediately.—While plying his scissors, and his teeth also in sympathy, his clerk entered with the intelligence that he had not collected a single bill; that one would call in a day or two, another had no money just at present, one would look over and see if it was right, another offered his note on six months, and so on.

The patterns were prepared and presented; the shutters ordered to be closed forthwith; but while looking for his hat our hero hears at his elbow, 'Here's the needles mother sent back, she wanted drilled eyes.'—The furies drill her eyes, thought Elnathan, as he tossed the cent to the boy; and grasping his hat, rushed forth in a state bordering on insanity.

At an early hour he crawled into bed, hoping to bury in forgetfulness, the history of that day's journey towards independence, but he had scarcely fallen into that state, when a thousand hideous phantoms flitted by him in the shape of of duns, bank-runners, bailiffs, lawyers and auctioneers; whole pieces of starched prints were rattling and whizzing across his brain; patterns of all kinds of woven merchandize were dropping from the ceiling, giving to his distorted fancy the idea of a calico snow storm; an ape-like figure sat at the foot of the couch, glaring his yellow eyeballs, and twirling a nail just a yard long, with his grinning visage encircled by a complete halo of lint and feathers; a hundred old women were crawling over him; piles of notes payable, with his own name appended, were dancing about the partitions, and playing about the heads of a couple of demon-faced constables, who had now clenched him and were menacing imprisonment. Elnathan in a frenzy of terror awoke from his horrid reverie; when he found his clerk shaking him by the arm, and stating that day had broke. 'It's not me then that's broke,' exclaimed the dreamer—and he arose with new determinations, borrowed money to meet his payment that day, and took a solemn oath never to trust another person, or cut another pattern: he held to his vow, and in a few years became independent; showing to the world that it avails nothing to be *dreadful clever* in a dry goods shop.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

PORTRAITS OF OBED AND HIS LOVE.

OBED BENT! What never saw him, say'st thou? Faith then, thou'rt no star-gazer, or thou would'st have espied his perieranium betimes when thou wert searching in the blue etherial vault for stars of lesser magnitude. And had his image come athart thine eye, thou wouldst never have forgotten it. Pr'ythee then, let me describe him to thee, according as "my shallow simple skill" permitteth me to describe one of nature's best phenomena. Phenomena! ha! yea such,—a veritable lusus naturæ.

Obed was a pedagogue—a village pedagogue, and immersed in the duties of his profession ever, except when prank playing Cupid chose to make him digress from the linger-em-long course of his life, by way of episode. And Obed was no tyro in the trade; long had he taught the puerile idea how to fire. Nay man, do not snuff at the bare mention of his profession—It hath much to do with the tale I have to tell thee. Bear it firmly in mind, Obed was a pedagogue. High in his "little brief authority." Oft did he "play such fantastic tricks before high heaven as made"—his pupils weep if the angels did'nt. And—but stop, I anticipate thee, and have done with quotations; "a word to the wise"—you know, and the "hint received never want for the kick"

I have promised thee a description of Obed's person, and thou shalt not call me liar. Well then, he was noted for longitude—much so—ask my friend the testy corporal, in what Obed Bent excelled, and he will tell thee—verily, in longitude. Impeach not my veracity—he stood six six feet three in his old patched boots, with his hat off—six-tenths legs—and resembling far more a pair of tongs than a—shovel. Nature provided Obed with a capacious understanding—proportioned indeed to the immense superstructure she raised thereupon. The quaint dame well understandeth gravitation and its laws, and she stuck Obed on a pair of feet, outside of which a common man's centre of gravity could not have easily fallen, and he be thereby rendered liable to upset. He was therefore a very convenient bit of apparatus by which to explain to his pupils the same principle I have alluded to—thereby proving that all men are by nature fitted to certain trades and professions. Obed's legs sat not precisely in the centre of his feet, but consider the hurry in which he was apparently put together, about as near as one can guess without the dividers. Thence Obed's low-extremities extended upwards 4 links, relatively situated like the two sides of a parenthesis, uniting at the top. From the union of these two eliptical walking sticks, which served the pedagogue for the purpose of locomotion, began his body proprin, extending still upwards, its width precisely double its breadth, and inclining a trifle forward. On either side, hung the usual paraphernalia, pelept arms, looking like a pair of printer's dashes, with a couple of asterisks attached to the lower extremities. Unlike herself, in the case of Martin Van Twiller, dame Nature did not despair of forming a neck sufficiently strong to sustain the little bullet head of Obed Bent; and she seemeth to have made use of all the extra materials on hand to frame it long enough to keep the head from being incommoded by the shoulders which shot up toward it on either side, until it would have stood a rare chance of being overtopped, had the old lady placed it in the same situation with that of the worthy governor of whom are recorded many things of doubtful character. On the top of this, rested the head, looking prodigiously like the stem and bowl of some worthy Dutch burgomaster's universal passe-tem. Lastly of the freaks of the frisky dame, she covered the goodly portion of this overtopping ball with a material not exactly so pliable as might have been, and to heighten the natural effect, Obed cultivated a pair of whiskers that would have put to shame even "Aunt Betsey's bear skin muff," and so that the luxurious covering of Nature protruded on every side until, to use an apt simile of one of Obed's impertinent pupils, it superseded the necessity of drawing the representation of the sun's rays on the black board—thereby proving that Obed personally illustrated more than one principle of natural philosophy, and therefore, as hath been observed, admirably adapted to his profession. Obed's physiognomy was small, but it puzzleth me to describe it, and thou may'st figure it to thyself, remembering that the hair on the top of his head was near neighbor to his eye-brows, and his nose presented a slight obstacle to sweet communion between his eyes, that the corners of his mouth were skylarking for his ears among the huge bushy whiskers that flanked the whole.

Obed had one pupil of whom I must of necessity speak, that my tale may be properly understood. With joy do I make mention of her very name, associated as it is with a thousand ideas of worth and beauty, which crowd upon my mind so tumultuously, that it surpasseth me to bring a single one into an expressive shape. Of her person—for it would be absolutely unforgiveable and unforgetable, should I attempt to relate a tale, yea, a love tale, without duly criticising the personal peculiarities of the different characters which my imagination—no imagination here, I mean thee—might see fit to introduce. And verily, I should much dislike to excite the anger, thus in the outset of those who purpose to learn from me the tale of tragical love which dwelleth in me—but pshaw! where the devil am I running to? Let's back to her person. And since it was speaking of her person that I was led off, I will be short with it, even as short as the person itself, which was precisely four feet two inches and a half, by my friend the corporal's pocket rule. People called the worthy Obed the very antipode of what was beautiful, and thou may'st bear with what justice by bringing to thy recollection my statistical account. And now if a person that differeth as much from his as a pumpkin doth from a beanpole, be beauty, then truly Jemima Sprat was as beautiful as Obed was otherwise, and that—a word now in thine ear—that is saying very much. Thus much for Jemima's person. Thou may'st figure to thyself the minutia, and moreover the trascendant grace in all her movements, when I tell thee, that at every step her tender frame shook like a custard pudding.

Think it not wondrous that the tender hearted tutor should fall in love with his fair pupil, for besides the beauty of her person, just rounding into fullness, Jemima had a mind—put down thine eye-brows until thou gettest the whole—a mind, I say, well improved by education. She was, as Obed often remarked, the best scholar in the whole school. And now, ask not the number of scholars, if the anecdote of the little girl at the head of her class happeth to pass athwart thy memory)—and of vast more consequence, she was deservedly the favorite with the teacher. Trust me, the whole affair originated in this;—the soft gizzard of the teacher was first moved by the excellence of her recitations, and forthwith he found his heart gone—that is; he looked where it was and 'twas not there—and himself in love even up to his ears—which, it striketh me, must have been very deep love for one so short as Jemima Sprat. But however, as hath been said, Obed found himself up to his great ears in love.—Humph! I came near making another digression in considering how Jemima, in order to have extricated him from this difficulty, would have worked to have reached the part most in love, namely, that above his ears, and in thinking, after that was accomplished, how much difficulty she would have had in holding on thereto, for the same purpose, for it was most a prodigious portion of Obed's head that extended above his ears;—but I escaped the digression and thou art spared.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FAMILIAR LETTERS FROM ENGLAND.

NO. II.—THE MERSEY AND LIVERPOOL.

I LEFT the ship in my last in charge of the pilot whom we had just taken on board. He began to lessen sail immediately, and about midnight the ship was 'hove to' as the channel was too narrow to pass at night. In the morning we got under way and beat up with a very slight wind. After passing the dangerous passage, we perceived through the fog a steamboat coming to us.—We dropped anchor, and the miserable little black affair, which I could not help contrasting with our fine, airy boats, came along side. The passengers were soon on board her, and she left the England bearing us to Liverpool. As we were picking out the American vessels among the craft around, a land famed for her elegantly modelled ships, the government steamer boarded us to get the letter bags. At this time, 12 o'clock on Sunday, we were just entering the river Mersey in which we soon found ourselves dodging our way thro' a fleet of three or four hundred vessels, which had been wind-bound for some time past, of all countries and sizes—from the large light packet ships of the United States, bearing the star-spangled banner, down through the clumsy French, Dutch and English crafts, to an insignificant collier carrying a red rag with a cross in imitation of the crowned flag of Great Britain. We proceeded along the Cheshire side, to avoid the strong current of the river, and were gratified with a view of scenery, which though almost entirely artificial, possessed abundant charms for us, who had for three weeks experienced nothing but the monotony of the waves. The light brown and grey cottages of stone, in which considerable taste in architecture was displayed, and the tastefully decorated grass plats, formed a fine contrast to the gloomy thick-settled city, with its grey towers and its docks, where the masts rivalled in number and closeness the forests from which they were cut. We were not searched when we came to the landing, as I expected to be, nor was any obstruction thrown in our way, except by the mass of ragged coachmen and dirty porters, who almost forced from us the little bundles we might have with us. We passed through several dirty narrow streets with ware-houses rising six and seven stories high on each side, and reached the Exchange a building of stone, forming three sides of a square. In the centre of the square, which is paved with flat stone, is a monument of Nelson in a sitting posture with two figures on each side. Around the circular pedestal, are four chained, noble-featured captives, their attitudes expressive of dignified dejection and humility. From the little chance I had of observing it, I thought it to be a work, as it has been considered, of no mean merit.

Going from the Exchange, we passed through Lord street, generally admired as the finest street in Liverpool. I am not surprised at the pride they take in it, for it is broad, and the buildings generally three stories in height, built of brick which is covered with a composition of a yellowish cast, which gives them the appearance of marble which has been long exposed to the smoke and dampness of the climate. The lower stories were occupied by shops, wherein the richest goods are exposed to view within the windows, but with nothing out as is the custom in America. In another respect they differ from our own arrangements, viz: in the little brass signs which form a moulding round the bottoms of the windows. From Lord street we turned into Paradise-street—which Americans would do well to remember, not on account of any peculiar beauty which it possesses, but because in it is the Star and Garter Hotel, kept by a Mr Arundel, a gentlemanly, polite and attentive landlord. This house is better furnished than any other public house in Liverpool. I had put up at this hotel once before, in 1829—every thing was as then in its place, and it seemed as if no one had been within it to disturb the perfect arrangement. The marble stairs, the table-cloths, napkins, &c, were as white as snow—the covers, knives, forks and other apparatus, bright as the sunshine—and in truth perfect neatness characterises the whole establishment. The charge for two persons, for two days' stay, provided with bed room, parlor, the best of fare, with wines in addition, was only £2 10s *including servants' fees*. This way of disposing of servants is infinitely preferable to the general abominable custom by which at the moment of departure you are surrounded by the whole household, each with his or her particular demand. You are not only put to great inconvenience by this, but most frequently pay double what is expected, especially if you are a stranger.

I will here remark that my trunks were detained a day and a half at the Custom House. If you are in haste, this detention is most disagreeable—adding to it the expenses of delay, the trouble in dealing with the vile servants of the revenue, while they convey your baggage to and from the custom-house, and more—the compulsion you are under to pay for four or five protests, half a crown each, which the fellows will have with or without right. However, I was glad to escape even at this rate.

I settled with my landlord, and then seated myself in a coach which was to convey me to the Saracen's head, an office where I had secured an inside seat the day before for London by paying £1 10s. I found the 'Red Rover' standing with four strong horses, all ready to start. The guard was bustling about, carrying baggage, collecting fares, and in a few moments all being prepared, the Rover drove away with the allowed number of passengers, four inside and eight out, for London. The first placed we passed was Cheshire, a town far famed for its excellent cheese. I had no opportunity to judge of the place shut up as I was in a close coach it being far too cold and rainy to ride outside, even to gratify a strong desire to see the country. Towards noon we came into the vicinity of the coal mines. I was altogether unnecessary to be informed of this—the dense smoke in which we were completely enveloped, together with the frequent fires just visible through it, and the steam arising from the brooks, mismaned rivers, sufficiently indicating the fact. I was at a loss to account for the streams becoming so hot as to occasion so much steam. I learned from the guard that it was from the immense number of boilers situated along the banks—some of them working windlasses to draw coal from pits at a considerable distance. The dwelling-houses in many instances above these coal mines, exhibit large openings in their walls, caused by the earth's sinking beneath them, so great are the excavations made by the removal of the coal. We did stop somewhere to dinner, but it was so very miserable and so dear a meal, that I had no desire to retain any recollection of it. At half after four, we changed horses for the fourth time, and also made the first change of coachmen, and heartily glad were we to be rid of a very impudent scoundrel who was so intoxicated, that when he came to the door to ask for his shilling, he could not speak distinctly. I half regretted that I had given mine to a person in that state, whilst that which he gets from the passengers is the only compensation he receives. So enraged was an Irish fellow-traveller, that he not only denied the fee, but cursed the fellow roundly, and threatened to enter a complaint to the proprietors. Our next was far better, and soon made up by his speed for the time lost by the other. Before dark we passed through a watering place called 'Ashby de la Zouch' commonly called Ashby-dallaks-head here we saw fires as far as the eye could reach, in every direction, throwing their light upon the volumes of smoke continually rolling around, which quite illumined the atmosphere. These, I was informed, were iron mines and the fires in the furnaces in which the iron was melted from the ore. The whole country seemed to be on fire. At Burton we stopped to supper. From the immense concourse of people that the coach drove into the midst of, and the acclamations of mirth, which greeted our ears on all sides, I came to the conclusion that his Majesty the King had blessed them with his presence; but had yet to learn that a more common circumstance was the cause of all this merry-making.—Burton, a son of the famous brewer, himself a brewer, had wedded a pretty damsel, and with the outpouring of his own joyous spirits, he poured out his best ale to the thirsty multitude who had drank themselves quite tipsy. We travelled all night, and at nine the next morning it was evident that we were approaching the great metropolis, by the elegant country seats and other marks of cultivation. The scenery was more beautiful the nearer we approached the city, and had it not been rather a cold day, I could easily have imagined it spring, from the freshness of the grass, and the great quantity of evergreen in the gardens just without London. At last we were enclosed by brick walls on two sides, which became darker and darker, as we entered the smoke and heart of the city, until the fatigue of the journey, and the want of excitement which my senses had enjoyed till now, from valleys, mountains, trees, cottages and gardens, forced me back into my seat in the coach, careless of anything without, till we had passed through the city, and drove up to Berners hotel, Berners street, West end, where we soon found comfort, after rewarding the guard, who came up with his very insinuating smile.

MELO-DRAMAS. Poole, the author of Paul Pry, makes a boast that he never was *guilty* of writing a melo-drama. Would that every dramatist could make the same declaration! What monstrous caricatures of nature, and insults to common sense and dramatic propriety they are, to be sure! It was a good joke of Kilner's, when at the Old Drury he promised in his benefit bill 'a cascade of real water, from the nose of a genuine wooden pump!'

SELF-TYED MEN are their own persecutors. Remarks and insuendoes, never intended for them, are seized and appropriated by them, to their own misery. Hang such covetousness of left-handed compliments! Reader, are you of the genus irritabile? If so, take my word for it—you are very foolish;—this is no hint, but a direct assertion. Never have any thing of yourself but you do not *know* to be true—and never be incommoded by what you do not believe.

DUTY. Men discover it by their prepossessions, and regulate it by their convenience.—*Pearl.*

SELECTED TALES.

[From the American Monthly Magazine.]

THE DEATH OF LA PUCELLE.

Warwick. And burk ye sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enough;
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.—*Shakspeare.*

THREE months had elapsed—since in the flower of youth and beauty, in the flush of conquest, and in the accomplishment of all her own, of all her country's aspirations, the Maid of Arc had fallen, through the envious treason of the Count de Flavy,—he who had shut the gates and raised the bridges of Compiegne against her—into the hands of John de Ligny-Luxemburg—since he, false gentleman and recreant knight, had sold the heroine of France—sold her, despite the prayers, despite the tears and the reproaches of his high-minded lady—sold her for base and sordid hire to her unsparing foeman. Three months had elapsed of wearisome confinement—not in a guarded chamber;—not with the blessed light of heaven streaming, albeit through grates of iron, into her prison enclosure;—not with the miserable semblance of freedom, that might be fancied to exist in the permission to pace the narrow floor;—not with the wonted dungeon-fare of the worst malefactor;—not with the consolations of religion, vouchsafed even to the dying murderer;—not even with the wretched boon of solitude! No—in a dungeon many a foot beneath the surface of the frozen earth, with nought of air, but what descended through a deep cut funnel; with nought of light, but what was furnished by a pale and winking lamp; loaded with a weight of fetters; that would have bowed the strongest man-at-arms to child-like helplessness; bound with a massive chain about her waist, linking her to the rocky floor; fed on the bread of bitterness, her thirst slaked with the waters of sorrow; her feelings outraged by the continual presence of a brutal soldier, violating the privacies, alike by day and night, of her sad condition; the noble girl had languished without a hope of rescue, without even a dream of liberty or life; taunted by her foes, and persecutor; deserted by her friends; and utterly forgotten. Yet, though her frame was shrunken with disease and worn with famine, though her bright eyes were dimmed with watching, her dark locks streaked, as it were by premature old age, her stature bent to half its former height, and her whole appearance deprived of that high and heroic beauty that had of yore been so peculiarly her own; her confidence in Him, whom she believed, erroneously perhaps, but not therefore the less fervently, to have sent her on that especial mission which she had so gloriously accomplished—her confidence in that being whose decrees are, of a truth, inscrutable—was all unshaken. If she had formerly displayed the courage to inflict, she now exhibited, and yet more forcibly, the nobler courage to endure. If she had proved herself the equal of men in the melee of active valor, she now showed herself to be endowed in no secondary degree with the calm fortitude of her sex, the uncomplaining, patient resignation to inevitable pain or inconsolable affliction which is so much harder to put on than the bold front which rushes forth to meet the coming danger. Day after day she had been led forth from her cold dungeon, to undergo examination, to hear accusations the most inconceivably absurd, to confute arguments, the confutation of which aided her cause in nothing; for when did prejudice, or—yet worse than prejudice—zealotic bigotry, hear the voice of reason and bear it to conviction. Night after night she had been led back to the chilly atmosphere of that dank cell, hopeless of rescue or acquittal, harrassed by persecution, feeble of frame, and sick at heart, yet high and firm in her uncompromising spirit as when she first rode forth, with consecrated blade and banner, to raise the siege of Orleans. From the very commencement of her protracted trial, she had felt a sure foreknowledge of its termination! She had known, that in the hearts of her judges her doom was written down already; yet, with a calm confidence that would have well become a Socrates, aye, or the apostle of a holier creed, she had striven to prove her innocence, to posterity at least if not to the passing day—to eternity at least, if not to time! When reviled, she answered not—when taunted, her replies were meek and pertinent—when harrassed by the simultaneous questioning of her hard hearted judges, eager to confuse by clamor the weak woman whom they could not confound by sophistry, she was collected as the ingest jurist, undisturbed as though she were pleading another's cause and not her own. The base Cauchon, the Bishop of Beauvais, the bigoted, bribed fanatic, to whom had been committed the conduct of her judicial murder, strove hard, but strove in vain, to wring from her pale lips some evidence of unholy dealings, for which he might condemn her to the stake, some word of petulance which he might construe into treason.

'Swear'—he cried in haughty and imperious tones from his crimson chair of state to the fair frail girl, who, clad in sack-cloth, with bare feet and dishevelled hair, stood at his footstool, upheld by the supporting might of conscious innocence—'Swear to speak truth—question thee as we may!'

'I may not swear; infact *holy* Bishop,' she replied, and her eye flashed for a moment, and her lip curled as she spoke, so that men deemed it irony—'I may not swear, most righteous judge—since you may question me of that, which to reveal would be foul perjury—so should I, if I swore, stand perjured in the same by speech or silence!'

'Swear—Joan of Domremi, most falsely styled of Orleans and of Arc—swear to thy judges, that thou will seek no rescue—attempt no escape!'

'Be not your fetters strong enough?'—she asked in answer; and she half raised her feeble arm, to show the weight of rusty steel that had already well nigh crippled it—'Be not your fetters strong enough—your rock-hewn vaults, where never comes the first created gift of natural light—your iron cages, and your steel clad warders—be they not guards enough, that ye would *bind* me yet more straitly?—This will I not swear, O thou most merciful, so shall you not condemn me of faith broken.'

'Then thou dost look to rescue—dost hope for liberty—wouldst evade, hadst thou the power, the bonds of Holy Church?'

'To whom should I look for rescue, save to Him who has abandoned his frail servant, for her own transgression?'

'Ha! she confesses!'

'Mark well the words—Sir scribe!'

'Judgment—Lord President—A judgment!'

'No need for farther question!'

'She has avowed it.'

Such were the disjointed clamors that burst at once in fiendish exultation from the lips of that holy-seeming conclave; but ere the wily Bishop could express his sentiments, the maiden again took up the word.

'I have confessed—Great Sire—I have confessed transgression—*Alfd* make not ye the same—at prime, at matin, and at vesper—the same avowal! Riddle me then the difference, ye holy men, between the daily penitence ye prattle, for the daily sins which even ye confess; and this the free confession of a prisoner—a helpless, friendless, persecuted prisoner!—Tell me, Lord Bishop, what am I, that I should suffer judgment to the uttermost, for the same avowal that thou makest daily, if thou dost obey the bidding of Him whose cross thou hast uplifted!—But ye did ask *me* if I hope for liberty—if I would exchange the prison house—the hall of condemnation, and the bread of tears, for the free air, the blessed sunshine, and the humblest peasant's fare!—Go, ask the wild her

Not all the sufferings, however, of the wretched girl; but all the mental agonies and corporeal pains, that she must bear in silence, could satisfy the fears of England, or the policy of England's Regent. It was not in revenge, much less in hatred, that the wise Bedford urged it on the court that they should destroy—not her body only, but her fame. He well knew it was enthusiasm only that had thus for supported her and liberated France;—he deemed not, for a moment, that she was either heavenly messenger, or mortal champion;—but he felt, that France believed in joy—England in trembling!—he felt that dead or living—so she died a martyr—Joan would be equally victorious.—Her death, if attributed to vengeance, would but stir up the kindling blood of Gaul to better anger, would but beat down the doggedness of Saxon valor with remorse and superstitious terror!

'Ill hast thou earned thy See,' he cried at their first interview, 'False Bishop! As well were she abuse and in the field, as living thus a *famous* prisoner! She must die! *die*, sir Priest, not as a criminal, but as a witch and heretic! Her name must be a scoff and a reproach to France—her death an honor to her slayers; a sacrifice acceptable to Mother Church, and laudable throughout all Christentie! See it be done, Sir—Nay, interrupt me not, our parley; as *thou* mayest not accomplish it, others more able, or perchance more willing, may be found, and that right speedily; the revenues of Beauvais's Bishopric might serve a Prince's turn! See that thou lose them thou not!' And he swept proudly from the chamber, leaving the astounded churchman to plot new schemes, to weave more subtle meshes for the life of the innocent. Nor did it occupy that crafty mind long time, nor did it need deep counsel! The sentence of the church decreed, that she should never more don arms, or masculine attire! The bishop's eye flashed as it lighted on that article. 'Ha!' he muttered—'Here then we have her on the hip! Anselm, what ho!—Let them bid Gaspard hither—the warden of the sorceress—and let us be alone!'

He came; and with closed doors they sat in conclave—the highest officer, save one of holy church, the lowest and most truculent official of state policy! Ear heard not, nor eye saw, the secrets of that meeting; but on the morrow, when the first glimpse of sickly daylight fell through the tunnelled window of her dungeon, the Maiden's female garb was gone, and by the pallet bed lay mutton and corselet, cuishes, and greaves and sword—her own bright azure panoply! At the first moment, ancient recollection filled her whole soul with gladness! Joy, triumph, exultation, throbbed in her burning veins; and the tears that rained down full and frequent, tarnishing the polished surface, were tears of gratitude and momentary bliss. Then came the cold reaction—the soul-sickening terror—the prophetic sense of danger—the certainty of treachery! She donned them not—she rose not from her wretched couch, tho' her limbs were cramped, and her very bones were sore with lying on the hard and knotted pallet. Noon came, and her guards entered; but it was in vain that she besought them, as they would not slaughter a poor maiden—slaughter her, soul and body—to render back the only vestments she might wear in safety.

'Tis but another miracle, fair Joan;' sneered the grim warden. 'St Katharine of Fierbois hath returned the sword, she gave three erst for victory. Tete Dieu, tis well she left thee not the *destrier*, to boot of spurs, and espaldron, else wouldst thou have won through wall of stone and gate of iron! Don them, then, holy maiden, don the saint's gift, and fear not; she will preserve thee!'

And with a hoarse and chuckling laugh the churl laid down the scanty meal his cruelty vouchsafed her, and departed!

Thus three days passed away; her prayers for fitting raiment were unheeded, or, if heeded, scoffed at. Meantime the chill air of the dungeon paralyzed her as she lay, with scanty covering, cramped limbs and curdling blood, on the straw mattress that alone was interposed between her delicate frame and the damp rock-hewn pavement. On the third day she rose; she donned the fatal armor—all save the helm and falchion—she might not otherwise enjoy the wretched liberty of moving to and fro, across the dungeon floor. Scarce had she fastened the last rivet, when the door flew open! A dozen men-at-arms rushed in and dragged her to the chamber of the council! The board was spread with the glittering mockery of judgment—the brass bound volumes of the law, the crosier of the church; the mace of state; the two-edged blade of justice, and the pointless sword of Mercy! The Judges were in session—waiting the moment when necessity should force her to don the fatal armor! From without the clang of axe and hammer might be heard, framing the pile for execution, prepared already ere the sentence was pronounced on that doomed victim, condemned before her trial.

'Lo! there—my Lords,' cried Cauchon, as she entered, dragged like a lamb to the slaughter. 'Lo! there, my Lords! What need of farther trial? Even now she bears the interdicted arms, obtained as they must be by sorcery! Sentence! my Lords; a judgment!'

And with one consent, they cried aloud, corrupt and venal Frenchmen, 'Judgment; a sentence!'

Then rose again the Bishop, and the last of gain twinkled in his deep gray eye, and his lip curled with an ill-dissembled smile, as he pronounced the final judgment of the Church.

Joan of Domremi—sorceress, apostate, heretic! Liar, idolator, blasphemer of thy God! The Church hath cast thee from her bosom, excommunicated and accurst! Thou art delivered to the arm of secular justice. And may the temporal flames which shall this hour consume thy mortal body, preserve thy soul from fires everlasting! Her doom is said; hence with her, to the fagot!'

Steadfastly she gazed on the face of the speaker, and her eye closed not, nor did her lip pale, as she heard that doom the most appalling, that flesh can *not* endure.

'Ye have conquered,' she said slowly, but firmly; 'ye have prevailed, and *I* shall *perish*. But think not that ye *harm* me; for ye but send me to my glory! And believe not, vain that ye are, and senseless, believe not that in destroying me, ye can subdue my country. The fires that shall shrivel up this weak and worthless carcass, shall but illume a blaze of vengeance in every Frenchman's heart that will never waste, nor wink, nor weary, till France again be free! This death of mine shall cost thousands—hundreds of thousands of the best lives of Britain! Living have I conquered your best warriors heretofore! Dead, will I vanquish them hereafter! Dead, will I drive ye out of Paris, Normandy, Guienne. Dead, will I save my King and liberate my country! Lead on, assassins—lead me to the pile! the flesh is weak and fearful; yet it trembles not, falters not, so does the spirit pine for liberty and bliss!'

Who shall describe the scene that followed; or, if described, who would peruse a record so disgraceful to England, to France, to human nature! England, from coward policy, condemned to ignominious anguish a captive foe!—France, baser, and more cruel yet, abandoned without one effort, one offer of ransom, one stroke for rescue, a savior and a friend! and human nature witnessed the fell deed, pitying perhaps in silence, but condemning not, much less opposing the decree of murder, sanctioned as it was, and sanctified by the assent of holy Church.

It is enough! She perished—perished, as she had lived, undaunted and nobly. Her fame, which they would have destroyed, lives when the very titles of her judges are forgotten! The place of her torture is branded with her name! Her dying prophesy has been fulfilled! A century had not elapsed, ere Paris, Normandy, Guienne were free from England's yoke; and every battle-field of France hath reeked, from that day downwards to red Waterloo, with blood of England, poured forth like water on the valleys of her hereditary foe.

The Maiden perished, and the terror-stricken soldiery, who gazed on her unmurmuring agonies beheld—or fancied they beheld—a saintly light, paler but brighter than the lurid glare of the fagots, circling her dark locks and lovely features; they imagined that her spirit—visible to mortal eyes—soared upward, dove-like on white pinions, into the viewless heaven—and they shuddered, when they found, amid the cinders of the pile, that heart which had defied their bravest, unscathed by fire, and ominous to them of fearful retribution!

H. W. H.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.—NO. V.

REPORT of the Standing Committee on Public Instruction, on the subject of the High School for Girls. Benjamin A. Gould, Chairman. In Common Council, February 4th, 1836.

After eulogizing the public Grammar and Writing Schools, and enlisting every sympathy in their behalf, the Chairman thus proceeds—

'And to institute a higher School, or order of Schools for girls, would be *to strike a fatal blow to the prosperity and usefulness of these Seminaries* by reducing them at once to a secondary grade. And by taking away the brightest and most forward of the scholars, you would take with them the life of the schools, as well as the pride and ornament of their teachers.'

Allowing every thing which the report has hitherto *assumed*, to be substantiated by fact; I must still dissent from the statement made in the above extract—all *experience* goes to contradict it.

It is well known that the original High School for Girls continued in operation one year, and during that time some opportunities must have been afforded to judge of its effect upon the 'Common Schools.'

Upon this especial point, the public teachers were questioned by the Chairman of the Board of School Committee (Mr Quincy); and their written answers are probably, now upon record. In one or two instances, the letters contained thoughts, probabilities, and lamentations, hinged upon the belief that the High School *would* deprive the Grammar Schools of their brightest ornaments—but in the majority of cases,* the testimony went *directly* and *conclusively* to establish the fact, that the High School for Girls, rather aided than repressed the common schools.

These communications stated explicitly, that, since the organization of the High School, the number of girls in the public schools had been materially *increased*—that their *average age* was *greater* than *before*, and that they were *from better classes of society than formerly*, and finally that no other cause could be assigned for the unwonted prosperity of those seminaries, than the establishment of that institution. The letters acknowledged as it does every reasonable man, that *comparatively* the common schools were reduced to a secondary grade—but facts show that *intrinsically* they were essentially improved and rendered more respectable by the existence of the High School. The truth of the above statements cannot be doubted, coming as they do from the head quarters of authority—they are consequently of immense importance to countervail the *ipse dixits* of the report. Of their effect I leave the reader to judge.

In short the whole matter rests upon a mere *opinion*,—an opinion certainly entitled to very little consideration, inasmuch as *proof* and *experience* are against it—but when prejudice sits at the helm, farewell to any course which judgment and reason may dictate.

I could have abided without murmur, the arbitration of the Council in this matter, had I found in the report any reasonable ground upon which to distrust the feasability of the petitioners' wishes. I find indeed assertion—opinion and logical deductions from erroneous data—but assertion is not *argument*—opinion is not *proof*—and erroneous data can furnish only false conclusions. I conceive that *probabilities* alone are sufficient to invalidate Mr Gould's italicised inference.

In the first place many parents through a mistaken view of the subject, will not educate their children at the public expense, preferring rather to receive a wound in their purse, than in their pride, and though absolutely poor, send them to private schools rather than that they should be supposed unable to pay for their tuition. But the aspect of affairs would naturally change were the High School in operation. The advantages, respectability and high standing of such an institution would remove any scruples which parents might entertain against public education—and having once overcome their objections they would not hesitate to send their children to the Grammar and Writing schools, for the preparatory course of instruction.

Nor can it be urged that the High School would eclipse and render insignificant the common schools. The system of public education is one harmonious whole—and the elevation of a part can have no other effect than to raise the entire mass—like the grand chain of operations in mechanism or in nature, sever from it the nobler and more expanded links, and you do not advance the rest in efficiency and reputability, but the whole is degraded and impaired

Again it is admitted that pupils are more thoroughly instructed in the elementary branches, at the Public Schools, than in any other seminaries—and to this effect, may be adduced the acknowledgment of most of the private and public teachers of the city, who have had any opportunity to make the comparison, and the reasons why it should be so are too obvious to require to be expressed. And this fact affords strong ground for supposing that the public schools would be benefitted by the High School—for parents disposed to avail themselves of the privileges of this institution, would waive many objections to public instruction when put in competition with the better preparation which their children might receive at the Public Schools. The fact, as has been before stated, that but ONE was QUALIFIED for admission into the High School, when it was first established, and that a large number of those rejected immediately entered the public seminaries, goes to show the probable, I might almost say the absolute certainty, that if the qualifications for admission into a school of higher grade, were sufficiently extended, the Common Schools would retain their pupils much longer than they do now, and consequently that there would be more zeal, more ambition, more improvement, and that the Teacher's task would be lighter and happier.

Why the High School for girls should not have the same effect upon the female department of our Public Schools, that the higher order of boys' seminaries has upon the male department, I am at a loss to understand. And the acknowledged effect of these last has been to elevate and encourage the boys' schools.

The clause of the Report that immediately follows the one last quoted, is based upon the supposed accuracy of a previous statement. That statement has been *proved* totally *false*, and the inference must therefore be as erroneous.

Next follows an *exhibition* of FACTS (!!!) which may be considered the crying sin of the report.

'Your Committee made inquiry at the different Schools, what number of Girls would probably be found in each, qualified for such a High School as that formerly established, and the answers were, *'from fifty to seventy-five;'* which would make between four and five hundred from the seven public schools. Thus we must begin with about *nine hundred*, and yearly have to provide for about two-thirds of this number, making *fifteen hundred* for the second year, and more for the third and after, if the course be continued more than two years.'

I do not charge any *intentional* misrepresentation upon the author of the report, but certainly, the above quotation is characterised by the grossest ignorance and miscalculation, or else it must seem a very silly, insignificant quibble; at any rate, the inaccuracy of the statement is very unfortunate. Here we have offered as fact, the result of inquiry, that *'from fifty to seventy-five'* pupils in each of the seven female schools, are *qualified†* for such a High School as that *formerly established*—they are thoroughly acquainted with Reading, Writing, Grammar, Geography and Arithmetic. My knowledge upon this point is not perhaps so *extensive* as that of the Chairman—but as far as it goes, it is sure and true—I have found upon inquiry that there is *probably* so pupil in either of the public schools who can sustain, without a failure a *thoroughly rigid* examination in the five branches above enumerated. And it is no disparagement to the public schools that such is the case. I find moreover that the number in each of the schools *presumed competent* to pass a fair examination in the above elementary studies, varied from five to thirty—and there may be possibly an average of fifteen who are considered fit for admision into a High School *like that formerly established*. Here then is an aggregate of SIXTY-FIVE pupils instead of *'between four and five hundred'* then doubling the number for accessions from private schools, there are 190 instead of 900 girls who must be provided for, the first year. Something of a difference, his, truly!

But secondly, I will assume such an interpretation of the extract as will be most conformable to truth—and ask, how many Girls may be found qualified for a High School established *upon the same principle* as that which regulated the former one?—viz: that to *be admitted, a candidate must be thoroughly acquainted with all the branches taught in the common schools.* I do not believe (I am aware that an opinion is not proof) that the seven public schools can furnish 20—no, not 10, nor 5.

The appropriation of $500 for experimental philosophy is well enough—but it does not afford the slightest grounds to the petitioners for the abandonment of their project. The apparatus which $52 can purchase, is indeed a little better than nothing, but it cannot make a Common School a High School.

I hasten to close. The subject has been very imperfectly considered and examined in those points only upon which the report more directly bears.—But, as it appears to me, the *utility* and *practicability* of a High School for Girls, are unquestionable, and I stand in regard to the matter as a mere looker on. Perhaps the proper channel, through which the petitioners should aim to accomplish their object, is the School Committee, and that board I doubt not would lend the subject candid and impartial attention, and decide pro or con, according to fact and argument. At any rate, I trust, that if the question ever again be agitated, a report may be made by a Committee, *favorably predetermined*, or, who at least shall stand *neutral*—and if I may risk a conjecture based upon the strongest human probability, the result will be as different from that now before the public, as pole from pole.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

*See the communication of the masters of the Hancock, Boylston, Eliot, Bowdoin and Franklin Schools.

† I will here remark that the report predicates its numerical calculations, upon the *certainty* that *all* would enter the High School who are qualified—which probably is far from being the case.

NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1836.

GREATNESS.

EVERY thing in this world goes by comparison—and when we reflect upon the unsatisfactory results to which every aspirant for greatness must arrive, we shrink back from daring the contest—assured that the panting hopes can never be satifed.

Almost every one in the community aspires to advance himself in some particular. In public honor, in riches, in literary fame—or some other point upon which his affections are centred. An aspirant looks first at the rank of those who immediately precede. To overtop them is the engrossing thought—and every energy of mind or body is applied to gain this end. Suppose fortune may smile—suppose the goal to be attained. For a moment only the toiler looks about him with self-satisfaction—for a moment he sees with complacency those below him who are now making him the mark on which their eyes are fixed—and then he finds that there is still a higher rank—a more famous—a richer—a greater man than himself—and forgetful of the past, he places his lance in rest, miserable until he may win the more harrassing, the more difficult contest.

Thus goes every thing by comparison. Men soon become familiarized with the steps in their progress, and comparing their own position with that of those above them, pant to go onward still. Who is a rich man? He with a hundred thousand? There are others with millions at command. Who has attained a modicum of literary fame?—Another is in every man's mouth, so far exalted above him that comparison becomes ridicule. Who has gained public honor? Behold the master of this honored one!

Go into a country village—and ask for a rich man. They will point you to an individual with some few thousands—place the same man in a city, and he sinks in the struggling mass. And so of all attainments. Mankind fail in comparing themselves with those above instead of those below; and hence arises the pain, the envy, the strife that characterise the world. We should be taught content by judging of our own state by the hordes of sufferers in whose eye our lot is princely.

THE EXHILARATING GAS.

WE have never seen an elaborate disquisition upon the effects of this Gas upon the faculties. It has been explained by many, but its peculiarities have not we believe been made the subject of metaphysical enquiry. We should think the subject well worthy of profound investigation—and since the mind under its influence operates in a strange and peculiar manner, the perfect explanation of this influence must be exceedingly curious and interesting.

If the effect were only to elevate the feelings and faculties and operate upon them in a similar manner to ardent spirits, there would be nothing to render it of importance. But the results are very diverse—and it would be well for Phrenologists to investigate the matter, as there is much in the effect of the gas to prove a plurality of organs in the mind.

When a student in the University, we took a dose of the gas—and as the sensation produced is peculiarly delightful, we were willing to undergo the trial again. Successive repetitions at various times, enabled us more and more to attend to its peculiar power over the mind, and the great benefit it would be, were it properly examined, to elucidate, or at least, throw great light upon the difficulties now existing in relation to the explanation of the diversified action of the brain.

The gas, as well as alcoholic liquors, acts upon the nerves. But the excitement of alcohol carries with it a heaviness—a stupefaction—a deadening of the sensibilities. It tends to develop the passions, but it seems also to benumb every faculty; and a man when intoxicated, does not by any means always exhibit the prominent traits of his character. The gas seems to leave him to the full action of his mind—uninfluenced by extraneous impressions, and in nine cases out of ten, he will do whatever is uppermost in the mind. As many have never philosophically attended to this matter and only regarded it as an experiment from which to derive amusement, we will describe some cases which we have witnessed.

It was once administered to a man who led the choir in his church. He was enthusiastically fond of music, and it was undoubtedly often in his thoughts. When the bag was taken from him after he had breathed the gas, he sat down in a chair beside him, and commenced beating time—and then struck up a tune, singing with great self satisfaction—we have seen the same man operated upon many times, and always with the same results.

It was administered to a second, who prided himself upon his strength of nerve—and who was delighted with gymnastic exercises, often making them the sport of his leisure hours. He immediately bent down his knees and hips, bringing his body almost to the ground, and started forward in that position, going for several rods with great speed. It was an astonishing exhibition; by trying the experiment, one can perceive its difficulty. It was the more strange, inasmuch as the usual effect upon the nerves is to weaken them—so that the subject often stumbles and falls. The same individual tried to walk in the same way afterwards but found it altogether impossible.

A third, who was known to possess a good share of self-esteem shoved his hat on one side, pulled up his dickey, braced back his shoulders, turned out his toes, and walked off in a straight line as if he were master of the universe.

The greater proportion of those operated upon, are inspired with a desire to fight, and instantly run after any one who may be near them; and as the instances above cited, with many others, prove that prominences of character are developed by the gas, this truth illustrates how extended is the influence of combativeness on the human race.

We are willing to serve up ourself, whenever we can subserve the cause of instruction, and will therefore relate our own sensations at various times. The mind was ever perfectly free and active—thoughts passed through it with usual rapidity—but the *will* was gone. All caution and secretiveness were put to sleep, and whatever entered the mind was immediately acted upon. This is the point wherein we desire an explanation—wherein we think Phrenologists should be interested to examine. How is it that the *will* is for the time destroyed?

It is not always certain that the character will be exhibited—although such a result may generally be depended upon. If the mind has been receiving any strong impression a short time before the gas is administered, and they remain vivid, the person will act according to them. Conscious of this, we often fixed our thoughts upon something we would do, just before the operation, and we in consequence were certin to do it. At one time the gas was taken at a period of great college excitement, and all were beside themselves with passion,—not only students but government—cutting up on both sides "such fantastic tricks before high Heaven" as made parents weep. Tutors and students congregated upon the green to witness the effects of the gas. We informed some near us, that we would, when our turn came, give the officers a piece of our mind upon the subject of the difficulties—and inform them what the students thought of their conduct. All were agog—and the moment the dose was taken, the determination of what we would do being strong upon us, we marched deliberately up to the bevy of tutors, and pronounced many an anathema upon them—to their discomposure and the delight of the students. Not being a free agent of course we were not responsible—had we done the same thing in our unbiassed senses, such a disposition would have been made of our connection with the University, as would prevent any possibility of a recurrence.

It will be seen from these examples that the effect of the Exhilirating Gas is very peculiar and interesting, and we invite the attention of Phrenologists to the subject. They may glean from it much instruction.

OUR ACCOUNT CURRENT.

UNDER this head we shall assail all impositions upon the community and answer all attacks upon our articles. We are conscious of the great impropriety of an editor's filling his columns with his personal quarrels and this we shall carefully avoid. But when our *assertions* are disputed—our honour assailed, we deem it our duty in the relation in which we stand to our subscribers, to support our positions. Now-a-days, silence is conviction. As we start on firm ground, we shrink not from censure, and we will ever give both sides of the question, that the public may judge of our truth.

We expected that many of our cotemporaries would start in amazement to see us mark out and follow an independent course; and that many a rebuff would be cast in our face. So long have some of them bowed in obedient servility to the despotism of selfish desires, and succumbed to the will of others, that they look in wonder when the truth is boldly spoken; and call it impudent rashness. The vocabulary of slang is opened—and a battery discharged upon the offender, who would betray the secrets of the *charnel house*.

We are young—we have never sought to conceal it—and *youth* is our mortal offence—the apparently weak bulwark, at which opponents when worsted direct their fruitless attacks. Thankful are we that we are too young to HAVE BEEN BROKEN INTO THE TRACES! Thankful are we, that "beardless stripling" as we may be in *some* MEN'S eyes, and not yet arrived to "years of discretion," we may venture to confront those who the older they grow, seem to wander the farther from those years of discretion which they accuse us of not having attained.

Here is another point in which we have mortally offended. We did not go to this man and that man, and say, bending to the ground, "Sir, I am about to undertake the management of the Galaxy—may I hope for a line or two of encouragement in your valuable paper!" Had we done so, friendly puffs would have been current as are now sarcastic attacks.—No—we have worked our way, indebted to no one.

We knew not when we began, what support we should receive from the public—That point is settled—Decided—most decided success encourages us. Thankful to those who come forward to approve our course, we assure them, that we will never rashly assert any thing, and that we will ever make the Galaxy a vehicle of *truth*.

In a word, to close perhaps too much egotism, we will make one stand to support the dignity of the press!

SHAEFFER AND SEARLE. Every body knows, or did know old Shaeffer—the best man for a practical joke in New-England—and many have heard of Searle the fiddler, who is now either defunct or ruined by intoxication. We can tell a good anecdote of the two. When Mr. S—— was ordained minister of the first society in E——r, N. H. Shaeffer and Searle were sent for to assist the choir. Some portions of Handel's Creation were to be played, and the fiddles of these professors were essential to the success of the singing. The morning came, and all was ready—when just as the leader called his choir together, it was discovered that those important personages, Shaeffer and Searle, were among the missing. Here was a dilemma However, as nothing could be done without them, messengers were despatched in search of the delinquents—and at last they were found in the bar-room of the tavern each with a glass in hand, and as drunk as beasts. What was to be done? The congregation were assembled—the singing would be ruined without them. A consultation was held, and it was concluded to get them into the gallery, and do the best with them. So they were carried into the church, placed on seats against the wall, and their fiddles put into their hands. The music struck up. Shaeffer and Searle played to admiration. They sat, reeling from side to side, now bobbing against each other—now almost tipping over, yet never failing in a single note. They had played the piece so often that it was merely mechanical. They performed the difficult solo's without a waver, and little did the sober congregation below imagine that the sweet strains they were enjoying came from men so drunk that they could hardly sit up. At last Shaeffer began to sink. He went first over upon Searle, then slid down upon the floor and lay, stretched out at full length—*but he did'nt stop his fiddle!* The music came up from under the benches, as if angels were hid there. The wonder of the spectators may be conceived of. We relate this in confidence of its truth, for we were in the gallery ourself.

ACCOUNT CURRENT.

The Galaxy has been guilty of the mean trick of commenting upon an advertisement in the Post, in a manner that conveys the impression that it was editorial matter.—The subjects referred to in the advertisement are the Zoological Institute.—*Post.*

Our remarks have been *somewhat* warped to concoct this reproof. No fool who read our article could suppose it to refer to an editorial paragraph. We said distinctly, 'and the very great *imprudence* of the editor *who could admit* such an article.' Who could mistake this? It *was* imprudent on the part of the Post, for its own credit, and we adhere to the assertion. The Post must try some other tack to lug in its favorite words 'gross,' 'false,' 'mean,' &c.

The most pungent and exquisite witticism, appended as a codicil to the above, we leave unhandled—seeing that there is a *Jack Sprat* or two behind the curtain of the Post, who *use* the editor to sputter out their own insignificant venom—and have made him appear supremely ridiculous before now. We don't play with *nameless* babies.

'Those who apply themselves too much to *little* things, generally become incapable of performing *great* ones.—*Galaxy.*

Mr Editor—I have regretted to see in the Galaxy frequent and unprovoked attacks on Miss Kerr, a young lady attached to the Tremont Theatre. I should be the last to object to any thing in the way of fair criticism, but the articles in the Galaxy do not partake of that character, and seem especially designed to exhibit the *prowess* of its editor, in a warfare upon a *female*! Miss Kerr is a fatherless young lady, who supports, by her efforts in an arduous profession, her widowed mother—her personal character is above reproach; and, professionally, she makes no pretensions which she is not fully able to sustain. A man of *honorable feelings* would be careful how he trampled upon the hopes and aspirations of such an individual—and although the editor of the Galaxy, (if I may judge from his paper) has scarcely arrived at years of discretion, his natural instinct should prompt him to illustrate his pugnacity upon OTHER GAME.

A few words will suffice to kill this small '*game.*'

Miss Kerr receives a salary from the Manager of the Tremont Theatre, for certain efforts to amuse the public. In this she manifestly subjects herself to criticism.* Suppose we had praised the lady? All would have been well. Why should we not blame, if blame be deserved?

Miss Kerr's character may be above reproach—we never assailed it. She is deserving of praise if she supports a widowed mother. We never should wish to detract an iota from her deserts. But is that an argument why she should be applauded for her *public* exertions when she deserves it not? If a clergyman or a public officer be rendered by any means incompetent to perform his duty—he is *turned out*—no questions are asked about how many his labors may support.

Miss Kerr is not a *danseuse*—she must have seen that her dancing is not pleasant to such audiences as visit the Tremont. She *does* professionally make pretensions which she is not able to sustain—and in that point she has been and ought to be criticised. She must not attempt to pirouette—it is not in her power to do it gracefully. What does she *hope*?—what does she *aspire* to? Why did she attempt to compete with the young lady who already filled her place at the Tremont? She aspires too high.

We have made our remarks upon her in our theatrical criticisms, and whenever she attempts to do more *than she can sustain*—we shall deem her obnoxious to remark.—We are not by any means pugnacious, as is insinuated, but *Other Game* may rest assured that we will take up the gauntlet he has so pugnaciously thrown down, at any time, and beg to inform him he need not be at all troubled about our honor. We can keep it secure without his advice, however chivalrously he may have espoused the cause of a female.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANIES.

SPRING. The long winter, for we measure the reign of this rude visitant by the continuance of the blustering weather he sends us, is wrapping his mantle about him and departing. The snow begins to melt upon the hills, the ice that held the rivers in its fast embrace has passed away, and the swollen and rushing streams attest the effect of the genial warmth. Spring is coming.

But—spring brings with it in our estimation, something more than the thoughts of coming flowers, and gentle breezes and warm sunshine. We cannot but think of sudden squalls, and mud so plentifully bestowed, that our gratitude cannot measure the extent of the blessing. Mud—ancle deep—mud—that makes our damsels stay at home, envying the pleasant atmosphere,—mud that keeps back the mails, weltering along with the foul combination of dirt and water up to the hubs of the wheels, and poor editors waiting in sad expectation far into the bowels of the night, to get the wherewithall to feast the greedy eye of the lover of news. Mud—but we have headed the article—Spring.

It has come—and forgetting its evils we must consider it as the stepping stone to the balmy season of summer. So here's to the approaching spring!

THE WINTER. Boston has been alive with all sorts of contrivances to kill time during the past season, and our citizens have made the most of them. There have been constant lectures at the Temple, the Odeon and Hanover Hall. Three theatres have offered constant attraction, presenting every variety of talent. The Zoological Institute have served up for inspection beasts and birds, strange and wonderful from all quarters of the globe. Balls, routs, etc. have enabled our beaux and belles to trip it on 'the light fantastic toe,' and indulge in amiable gossip.—Summer is coming—and home comforts will be exchanged for out of door amusements. So turns the wheel.

THE CONCERT. The Odeon was crammed on Wednesday with eager expectants of the promised melody. Before the doors opened, a crowd of ladies and gentlemen commingled, besieged the entrance, and the delicate frames who were jammed in that *melee*, would not have borne the brunt of the battle save for the hope of a place where sweet music could fall softly on their ears. Mrs. Wood sealed her triumph—singing most admirably. Mr. Wood at times was hoarse, but acquitted himself well. Brough's bass rang through the temple of the muses and filled every cranny. He is capable of attaining great excellence. All were more than enraptured and went away grieving that it was the "last time."

HOTEL FOR SALE IN GREENFIELD. We have an advertisement in our columns respecting Smead's hotel in Greenfield which is offered for sale. We assure any one who may wish to purchase that there is no deceit in the description. It is an excellent establishment—but as Smead says, no one will buy without examining, and therefore, a notice will be of little avail. However, this is to let men know that it is worth their while to take a jaunt and look at the premises.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. A writer in the Commercial Gazette during the past week in commenting upon our article in relation to the equality in the masters of our schools makes the assertion that our brother was the author of it. Those who know us, would never believe that we would permit another to express his opinions under our flag;—but as some who are strangers and interested in the subject have spoken of the article to our prejudice, we wish simply to say—that we are capable of writing our own editorials, and scorn the idea of fathering the sentiments of another be he ever so near to us. The piece in question was our own composition, and expressed our own sentiments.

EDUCATION AMONG THE POOR. There are ten thousand children in this city without the benefits of an education, who can neither read nor write, and are constantly in the streets. Formerly when slavery prevailed in this State, every bill of sale of a slave contained a proviso that the master should give the slave schooling. Why not compel parents by law in the same way to give their children schooling? But, say parents, we are poor, we cannot pay for schooling. Then let the public provide for their education—send them to school—give them the use of books, pens, ink, paper; the republic can only be sustained by intelligent minds.—*N. York Star.*

Will the Star inform us what provision is now made for education in New York? We know somewhat of the laws relative to schools in the back parts of the State but nothing of the city. Can it be possible that *no* public schools exist there—for so we should imagine from the language of the above paragraph. Ten thousand children growing up in ignorance?—and in an American city! Tell it not in Gath! Publish it not in the streets of Ascalon!

THE DRAMA.

THE FAREWELL BENEFIT.

AFTER the enthusiasm manifested on Thursday morning by the immense premium on the boxes, it might be supposed that every corner of the Theatre would be filled, and, indeed, head rose above head to the very ceiling. The vocalists were received with repeated shouts as they successively appeared, and it was some time before the Opera could continue. A dead silence pervaded the assembly as the notes of the beautiful opera decorated by the taste of the singers, fell upon their ears; for it was felt by all that this might be the last time that an opportunity would be given to enjoy the delightful melody, at least, from the lips of the accomplished vocalists who had taught them its beauties. It was unfortunate that the chorus whose assistance is so valuable in the Somnambula, was peculiarly bad on Thursday, as it marred the whole effect. But still, there was deep enjoyment As song after song went by, we pity those who would not be excited by *such* music—the interest grew more intense. At length the dream was over—Amina clasped in her arms her Elvino restored to her again—and then Mr. Sullivan rose in the stage box, and gracefully waving an elegant wreath in the view of the audience, threw it upon the stage. It was placed by Mr Brough on the head of Mrs. Wood, and the audience simultaneously stood up, and gave a shout that almost lifted the roof from the walls amid the waving of handkerchiefs on every side. Mr Ostinelli then handed a second wreath to the departing vocalist and again renewed peals echoed from side to side, while showers of roses fell from the upper boxes upon the stage. After the curtain fell, Mr and Mrs Wood came forward, and in a very pertinent address he expressed their feelings towards Boston and Bostonians, in the course of which he announced their intention at some future time to return, and then another shout burst forth. They retired amid deafening plaudits. The good hearted Brough then made his bow—expressed his gratitude—and begged to say for Mr and Mrs Wood his kind friends, that they considered Boston their American home.

We like such enthusiasm as this where it is deserved and properly excited. We like it much, when we know that those to whom it is directed appreciate it as a testimonial of admiration and esteem.

We will not bid farewell, for they will come again. A year or two will soon pass away and then—Ho! for La Somambula! a pleasant voyage to them—and much happiness, for they have given us much. Many a heart in Boston will remember them long.

ENORMOUS. *Twelve hundred and forty-one dollars* premium was paid for boxes at the farewell benefit—making the receipt of the house about 3,000. Eighty-five dollars was paid for each of two boxes, $10.44 a ticket. As "our friend" Bulwer would say "Here's ntuximony."

SCRAPS, LOOSE THOUGHTS, &c.

THE RUSH AT THE CONCERT. Some complaint has been made that more tickets were issued for the Concert than the Odeon would hold. We beg to enquire. Mr. Wood from any improper conduct in this difficulty. The agreement was made with the Academy of music that only fifteen hundred tickets *only* were issued, which number of persons the body of the house will seat comfortably. There were *not* many in the gallery.—There were not two thousand crowded into the *body* of the house. We say no more—though we know more. Our object is to exculpate Mr. Wood.

COPARTNERSHIP. Dr. Williams and the Post have probably shared profits under the firm of Williams, Post & Co. The Post being dummy partner. The agreement was probably as follows—"Mr. Post don't say a word about my being a quack, and I'll give you an advertisement almost every day." "That's right," answered Post "I'll publish them at the rate of three dollars a column."

We publish this week a second number of 'Thoughts on Grammar.' They will be found to be lucid and interesting.

We intend as soon as the Spring opens, to examine again our peregrinations. We understand that there are many nuisances existing here and there.

WAY TO GET ECLAT. Just before I die, myself a satirist, I mean to join a military company, and they will march behind the hearse, and fire volleys over my grave, and I shall join this society and that, and rend a few dollar bill here and there—and my death will make a noise in the world.—Is not this the sum of all renown?

LA PUCELLE. We have extracted from the Southern Monthly, a sketch entitled "The death of La Pucelle" by H. W. Herbert. It will be found to be well written.

THE DAILY TIMES—is gaining favor. It has got the right way to work—and the publishers put forth a well printed sheet, with the proper individuals to edit it. Pennies well conducted are a more powerful engine with the mass of the people in our cities than subscription papers. The editor can speak without fear of offence.

LADIES! LADIES!—attend! A letter from a lady in England says that during her stay of some months she had not yet seen a lady with *earrings!*—and this is the centre of fashion—LONDON! Noses might as well be bored as ears.

A PRESENT. A splendid watch, price $150 has been presented to Mr. Brough. The inner lid contains the inscription "Presented to Mr. Brough by the Boston Glee Club."

CALCULATION. A tight old gentleman was very much doubtful about a young man who was paying his devoirs to his daughter fearing that he was too prodigal. He one day had occasion to borrow a few dollars of him, and promised to pay it two days after the young man charged him interest although there was a prospect of his being his father-in-law. This won the daughter.

Those who are deserted by truth, are sure to be taken up and cherished by falsehood.

Policy is often at war with integrity; and when the latter is overcome, vulgarity and corruption are sure to step in and fill up the void.

The principles of a rank party man rest upon a pivot turning back and forth as the chance of success may incline.

Truth and integrity have no winding paths; they speak the same language to all persons in all places.

We beg '*Other Game*' to adopt another maxim which we present to his especial attention this week; commencing 'Policy is often,' &c.

EXECUTION. Russell and Crockett the incendiaries paid the forfeit of their crime on Wednesday last.

WAR ENGINES. What kind of a contrivance would be to have half a dozen steam locomotives, all ready armed with scythes, and when the enemy came on, set them going pell-mell into them?

A REJOICING. We met a chap on Thursday chuckling his hands in a tumult of joy. 'What's the matter?' said we? Oh, said he, I thought I couldn't get a ticket at the box, and got a box after all. Crafts has let me have it in No 43.' (*Slips*)

One of the editorials of the New York Weekly Messenger of last week was an advertisement from our own pen headed 'Eastern steamboats, to which a small head was added with a few blunders had been added.

COMMUNICATIONS.

CRITICISMS FROM SHAKSPEARE.

"I would gladly have him see his company anatomized." *All's Well.*

MR EDITOR—To save you the trouble of wading through Salmagundi and supposing you would be quite as well pleased to publish original selections, I have availed myself of the same source of information, as the correspondent of Salmagundi whom you complimented so highly for his knowledge of the drama and herewith send you some of the results of my research. It may be well that our actors know what Shakspeare says of them, lest they have roasted or buttered according to desert.

BARRY.

These are the youths that thunder at a play house. *Henry VIII.*

Bought *golden* opinions from all sorts of people. *Macbeth.*

His own opinion was his law. *Henry VIII.*

There is my bond of faith to tie thee to my strong rection.—*Richard II.*

Cares not what he puts into the *press.* *Merry Wives of Windsor.*

MRS BARRETT.

To nature none more bound.—*Henry VIII.*

A respected woman.—*Measure for Measure.*

She bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. *Twelfth Night.*

Well painted passion.—*Othello.*

Beauty truly blent, whose red and white nature's own sweet hand laid on. *Twelfth Night.*

ANDREWS.

And forth my mimic comes. *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

And in despight of mirth mean to be merry. *Comedy of Errors.*

His pranks have been too broad to bear with. *Hamlet.*

Now customs, though they be never so ridiculous, let them be unm

out materials of which it is composed. It may be called a butterfly, basking only in the sun, soon to be nipped by the frosts of neglect and disappointment; or we may style it a kite, rising and kept aloft only by the popular gale, and like that emblem of vanity, suddenly falling to be trodden under foot. Yet this of all others, is the life most ardently sought. The Politician too often considers integrity, self-respect, domestic peace, and even virtue itself but small matters to sacrifice to give a temporary gratification merely to his master passion—the conclusion of this branch of man's life is, that political ambition leads direct to a whirlpool into which he must soon fall, but from which there is no power of escape. AMOS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE sound has opened, and books, magazines and pamphlets innumerable come pouring in all at once. Good—good—we like to see literature stirring about and creeping into the firesides of our good countrymen. How cheap is learning now! Think of it—a huge volume for fifty cents—hardly enough one would think for binding it. What excuse is there for ignorance now?

This sudden influx must necessarily abridge our ability to do justice to each publication. We have given a book to one friend, and a magazine to another, and they have reported as follows, viz—

But first of the American Monthly, which being a subscriber thereto, we looked over ourself. It is a very good number—some fine articles. The first is the character of Desdemona, by the Ex-President. He does not like her. It appears to be hastily written, and proves one thing to a dead certainty, that Mr Adams is not an Abolitionist. The rest is two beautiful sonnets by Mr Benjamin. We shall give them a place next week. The next, The death of La Pavelle, we have copied—and there's as far as we have got. One thing we must say. The Magazine is well worth five dollars a year. There are one hundred and fourteen pages in the present number. Think of that!

THE KNICKERBOCKER treads close upon its heels.—It has but seven pages less. The first long article, 'The records of a School,' we have but looked over. We have read the poor student, by our friend, B. B. Winslow—a most exquisite thing; Percival's Sonnets which are very hasty, and will not add to his reputation—and 'Ollipodiana,' with 'An Actor's Alloquy,' which will delight every one. Jordan, 121 Washington street, is agent.

Next come The Ladies' Magazine and The Lady's Book—which we can only announce.

THE GIPSEY.—This is the second issue of the Harpers series of standard novels at *fifty cents* a novel—well bound! Rienzi was the first, and others will follow with only a week's intermission. This will do away with the periodicals which contain novels, as its advantages are evident. We need say nothing of the Gipsey—it has received already the meed of public approbation. Russell, Shattuck & Co. have it.

JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A FATHER. One volume, New York, Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart. Boston, Russell, Shattuck & Co. Great enquiry has been made for this excellent work by Maryatt. In has been praised and copied in numbers all over the country—and we need only to announce its appearance in a volume.

THE COUNTESS AND OTHER TALES, by various authors. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart. These tales are by Mrs S. C. Hall and English authors of acknowledged excellence. A friend of judgment has read the Countess—his exclamations vouch for the pleasure he received. He says that alone is worth the price of the volumes.

PAULDING ON SLAVERY—New York, Harper & Brothers—a beautifully printed volume. *Every thing* on slavery is now eagerly grasped at. The name of Paulding will give double interest to the work before us. Paulding is entirely opposed to abolitionism, running into the opposite extreme. He will be applauded by many—by others handled pretty roughly.

LIFE AND TIMES OF RIENZI.—Philadelphia, Carey & Hart. A pretty book with good type on good paper. The preface informs us that it is the work of Cercera a distinguished Jesuit of the early part of the eighteenth century. Gibbon has relied fully upon it. It may therefore be credited for facts. The public will desire such a biography after reading Bulwer's novel. The conclusions are opposed to Rienzi, but readers may judge themselves from the facts.

MEMOIR OF HEWES, *with Traits of the Tea Party*. New York, Harper & Brothers; Boston, Russell, Shattuck & Co. Here's the Tea Party, by our friend B. B. T. Who that has heard the lecture will not buy the book—stored as it is with the author's research, embracing a fund of amusing and instructive anecdotes? Every New-Englander must have this book It is of small size, neatly bound and beautifully printed.

THE OUTLAW—by Mrs S. C. Hall. New York, Harper & Brothers; Boston, Russell, Shattuck & Co. Have n't read it—hardly looked at it—but what we have looked at, looks well; and the name of its author is sufficient recommendation.

MAY MARTIN—our last prize tale is for sale by Muzzey.

So ends this week's chapter.

DOINGS OF CONGRESS.

Friday March 11th—*In Senate*—The debate upon the questions arising out of the memorials for the abolition of slavery within the Districts of Columbia, was brought to a close, by the rejection, by 34 votes to 9, of the memorial on that subject which the Senate had agreed to *receive*. And, after getting rid of this subject, the Senate adjourned over to Monday.

In the House.—After the receiving some reports of committees, the usual portion of time was consumed in debate upon the motion to re-consider the vote rejecting the proposition to allow the petitioner for Mr GRAHAM's seat in the House to be heard by counsel, without any question being arrived at; after which the consideration of Private Bills occupied the residue of the day.

Saturday March 12th—The Senate was not in session on Saturday. The House was occupied with the North Caro ina contested election, up to a late hour, when it adjourned—it was agreed to allow the petitioner leave to appear and address the House on his petition.

Monday, March 14—*In Senate*—A joint resolution was offered by Mr King of Alabama, proposing to fix a day in May for the adjournment of the session of Congress. The bill for the continuation of the Cumberland road in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, was read a third time and passed.

In the House.—The first hour was occupied in discussing a motion relative to a resolution of the Legislature of New York, on the subject of the Militia laws. The bill making further appropriations for the suppressions of Indian hostilities in Florida, was read a third time and passed. A resolution of the Legislature of Kentucky, in favour of a distribution of the proceeds of sales of public lands among the States, was presented. A memorial from the National Trades Union Association was presented, praying for a law to regulate the number of hours for the employment of day laborers in the service of the United States.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

Monday, March 14.—*In Senate*—The bill to establish the city of Lowell, passed to be engrossed, and was sent down for concurrence.

Mr Launt, from the special joint committee on the subject of Slavery, submitted a Report on the Memorial of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, concluding that the memoralists have leave to withdraw; and said report was laid on the table, and ordered to be printed.

In the House.—Messrs Boyd of Boston, Simmons of Roxbury, and Edgell of Framingham, were appointed a committee to consider and inquire if any new disposition or arrangement can be made of the several documents, now in the Sate Department, relating to the services of revolutionary soldiers.

Mr Williams of Boston, from the committee to whom was recommitted their report on the subject of the conduct of the Banks, made a report thereon, recommending that further proceedings be instituted against the New-England Bank, the City Bank, and the State Bank, in Boston, and the People's Bank in Roxbury. The report was read, and made the order of the day for tomorrow, and ordered to be printed.

Tuesday March 15.—*In Senate*—The bill to establish a Fire Department in Lynn was stricken from the orders of the day, read again and passed to be engrossed

In the House.—Pursuant to assignment, the House proceeded to the election of a Major-General of the First Division of the Militia. and on the votes being taken, it appeared that Edward W. Bradley was elected in concurrence with the Senate.

The House proceeded to the orders of the day, and a bill to abolish the punishment of death was read a second time, but without taking any question thereon, the House adjourned.

Wednesday, March 16—*In Senate*—Nothing of importance.

In the House.—The use of Representatives' Hall was granted to the American Institute of Instruction, for the holding of their anniversary meeting.

On motion of Mr Adams of Newbury, the report of the committee for investigating the conduct of the Banks and recommending farther proceedings against certain of the Banks, was discharged from the orders of the day, and taken up for consideration.

Thursday March 17.—*In Senate*—No business of importance was transacted.

In the House.—On motion of Mr Loring of Boston,

Ordered, That the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to inquire into the expediency of providing by law for the imposition of penalties on the Presidents and Directors of Banks in all cases of usury committed by their respective Banks.

The orders of the day were then taken up, and the House resumed the consideration of the report on the subject of Banks.

Mr Draper of Spencer, moved the previous question, and the motion being sustained, the order was adopted, and is as follows:—

Ordered, That the Special, Joint Committee appointed to investigate the doings of any or all the Banks in the Commonwealth, be instructed to summon before them at such time and place as they may designate, the President, Directors and Company of the New-England Bank, the City Bank, and the State Bank, all in the city of Boston, and the Peoples' Bank Roxbury, respectively, to shew cause, if any they have, why their respective characters should not be declared forfeited and void; and to proceed against each of them according to the provisions of the 17th section, 96th chapter of the state of the year 1828. Sent up for concurrence.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

CITY AFFAIRS.

At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen on Monday: The committee on bells and clocks reported, that from and after the first day of April next, the bells be rung at 12 o'clock instead of one.

The committee on lamps was instructed to consider and report on the expediency of making further provisions for lighting the city by gas lights.

Petition of Warren Bowker and others, to have North Margin street widened: of Henry Pealer and others, to have South Margin street numbered: Of Lane, Lamson & Co. and others, to have the snow and ice removed from Central street: Of John A. Lowell and others, to have the snow and ice removed from Oliver street: all referred.

The committee on the subject of granting licenses to innholders, victuallers, and retailers, reported certain rules and regulations to be observed in granting the same—acce pted.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE GOVERNOR AND COUNCIL—John Heard, Jr. to be Judge of Probate for the County of Suffolk, in the place of Judge Hall, resigned. Oliver W. B. Peabody, to be Register of Probate, in place John Heard, Jr. appointed Judge.

A young man, by the name of Martin, a journeyman printer, entered Faneuil-Hall Market-House Thursday afternoon, and, seizing a butcher knife from one of the stalls, cut his throat; no cause can be assigned for the act. He was immediately conveyed to the Hospital.

ACQUITTAL OF MRS. AMES.—The examination of Mrs Ames, on suspicion of having caused the death of her husband by poison, was concluded on Tuesday afternoon—when, after the arguments of the counsel for the defendent, Colonel Prescott, and the counsel for the Government, John A. Bolles, Justice Rogers, recapitulated the evidence in the most able and impartial manner, and concluded by ordering Mrs. Ames to be discharged from custody—the evidence of the government going to show that it is *improbable poison* was the cause of her husband's death.—*Merc. Journal*

An Irish lad by the name of Brady, who lives near Roxbury line, was run over by a carriage yesterday morning, the wheels passing over his stomach and causing a rupture in the bowels. The driver of the hack had been thrown from his seat, and much injured, by the running away of his horses.

Miss Lucy Josselyn, a lady residing at No 113 East ed to death in her own room on Sunday last.

The Jury in the case of Captain Harvey, late of brig Falmouth, returned a verdict of Not Guilty.

Five hundred dollars per foot were offered for a corner lot in Cincinnati—and refused. One would think there was a scarcity of land in that western region.

FROM TEXAS. The Mobile Chronicle of the 1st inst gives a report that Santa Anna has landed in Texas at the head of 12,000 men.

Mr William Duffy, late Manager of the Albany Theatre, died in that city on Saturday last, of the wound inflicted on him on the 10th of February last by John Hamilton, one of his company.

FIRES. Between midnight and one o'clock on Tuesday morning, one of the outbuildings connected with the residence and establishment of Mr Lauriat, goldbeater and assayist, on Washington st. was destroyed by fire, and a horse perished in the flames. Loss $500—no insurance.

At 3 o'clock a fire occurred in building No 79 Cornhill, owned by Eben Francis. It was occupied on the first floor by Hovey & Co. as a seed store; on the second by the Horticultural Society; on the third by Benjamin Adams, Bookbinder, (whose loss is about $400—no insurance) and on the fourth by Madison Hawes, printer, who was insured $800 but his loss is much greater.

About 4 o'clock, some firemen returning home, discovered fire between two wooden buildings in Boylston street, and extinguished it with a few buckets of water.

At 7 o'clock, another party of firemen discovered smoke issuing from a wood shed attached to a private house opposite the Athenæum in Pearl street, and on entering the premises, they found a place on fire nearly a yard square.

All these fires were undoubtedly the work of incendiaries.

THE TAMPICO EXPEDITION. We learn from the New Orleans Bee of the 27th ultimo that the U. S. District Attorney for that district has been ordered (it does not say by whom) to institute a criminal process against Mr William Christie, as having been engaged in transporting volunteers to Texas. The motive of this prosecution is supposed to be the serious charge brought against Mr Christie, in the several letters that have been published, written by the unfortunate men who were shot at Tampico, to their relatives in various parts of the United States.

We learn from Briggs that Mr. Thomas Rowen, residing in Sea street, accidently discovered on Tuesday night as he was going to bed, a considerable quantity of gunpowder on the entry mat, and a train leading from it under the street door to the outside of the house. The powder was swept up and removed, and the purpose of the person who placed it there defeated.—*Trans.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, John McIntire to Charlotte Frost; Otis F. Stone to Lydia Gregg; Frederick A. Benson to Lucy B. Churchill.

At Charlestown, Luther Mitchell to Mary Ann Ransom.

At Dorchester, Frederick A. Wentworth, of Boston, to Sophia Leeds; Jacob Funk, of Boston, to Catharine Hum; Joseph F. Sinclair to Lucy A. Larabee, both of Roxbury.

At East Bridgewater, William Porter, of Waltham, to Frances Kingman.

At Gloucester, Hiram Martin, of Boston, to Mrs Ann B. Willard.

At Walnut Hills, Ohio, Rev Calvin E. Stowe, Professor in Lane Seminary, to Catharine, daughter of Lyman Beecher, D. D.

At New Orleans, William Clark, of Portland, to Mary Catharine Shaw, of Portland.

DEATHS.

In this city, John Pratt, Esq, 74; Mrs Susannah Spear.

At Charlestown, Joseph White, 81, a revolutionary pensioner, and formerly a printer in this city.

At Roxbury, Elizabeth, widow of David Sloan, 74.

At Dorchester, John D. Howard, Esq. 77.

At Newton, Benjamin Parker, 75.

At Waltham, Evelina, wife of E. L. Pratt, formerly of Boston, 28.

At Marlboro', Ithamar Brigham, 77.

At Provincetown, Mrs Rebecca Adams, of Boston.

At Sterling, Mary, wife of Capt John Porter, 64.

At Albany, William Duffy, Manager of the Albany Theatre, 33.

Drowned from on board whale ship Huntress of N. Bedford, Marcus J. Howe, of Boston, 18.

Chapman's Cough Mixture,

For the Cure of Diseases of the Chest or Lungs—such as Coughs, Colds, Influenzas, Asthmas, Catarrhs, Hectic Fevers, Spitting of Blood and other Diseased Obstructions and Irritations of the Respiratory System.

THE *formula* for this preparation of Medicine, is by that eminent medical gentleman, N. CHAPMAN, M. D. Professor of the Institutes and Practice of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, Physician to the Hospital, and Philadelphia Almshouse and Infirmary.

In difficulties or diseases of the lungs, the Cough Mixture is particularly adapted; it relieves Cough, Pain, Irritations, Tightness in the Chest and other obstructions, to free and easy respiration, and produces repose, unattended by the bad effects in the stomach and bowels, which are produced by those Cough Medicines that contain opium.

Worcester, Ms. Aug. 17th, 1835.

I have made use of *Dr Chapman's Cough Mixture* for a number of years in my family, and I am satisfied it is the best *Cough Preparation* in my knowledge, having tried many articles in my life time, for similar purposes.

T. W. BANCROFT, *Auctioneer.*

CHEMICAL PILE OINTMENT.

This article for the cure of Piles, is not equalled by any thing in this country, and foreigners, who have made of it, say there is nothing in Europe like it. It is an emollient, and at once soothing application, giving immediate ease and tranquility to the patient when laboring under thistormenting disease. It is put up in beautiful Porcelain Pots, imported from France, especially for the purpose, accompanied with copious directions for use in the severest cases. Price, $1 per pot.

Boston, July 8th, 1835.

This may certify that for five or six years past I have been troubled severely with the *Piles*, and until I made use of the *Chemical Pile Ointment*, I found nothing that would give me relief; therefore, I would recommend it in preference to any article whatever.

GEORGE HORART, No 15, Doane street.

FISHER'S CELEBRATED CORN PLASTER. This Corn Plaster needs no other recommendation than a trial; and will cure, as certain as it is applied according to the directions. It leaves the toe or seat of the Corn smooth, and performs a cure without pain, and in a short time. Price, 50 cents.

Worcester, Ms. July 20th, 1835.

I take much satisfaction in stating that *Fisher's Celebrated Corn Plaster* is a certain and safe article for the cure of *Corn*, and would particularly recommend it to those who are in need of a remedy.

E. F. DIXIE, 2, Central Exchange.

For sale at wholesale and retail by WILLIAM WARD, Druggist, 26 and 27 India street, Boston; and by Drug gists generally. tf oct10

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—The unexampled success of this Juvenile Work, which has now been before the public two years, and circulates in every state of the Union, has encouraged the publisher to renewed exertions in making it all that judicious parents and teachers could reasonably expect for the amusement and instruction of youth. Whatever can be devised to improve the style and beauty of the work, and more especially to make it *useful*, shall be constantly introduced.

Juvenile Music is introduced and will, it is believed, be to parents and teachers, one of the highest possible commendations. The pieces are supplied by Profs. Mason & Webb, of the Boston Academy of Music. To those who are desirous of examining the work, a specimen number will be furnished *gratis*.

The publisher has much pleasure in being able to give the following names of the principal Teachers, Professors and Clergymen in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New-York, Hartford and Boston, among those *who have gives their signatures* to "the full approbation of the work, as well calculated under the present arrangements to be *useful* and worthy of extensive patronage."

BALTIMORE.

John Prentiss, Prin. Acad. Dep. University, Md.
Francis Waters, Select Academy.
A B Cleveland, Prin. Female High School.
William Hamilton, Lexington st. High School.
S W Roszel Prin. Boisseau Academy.
S B Rittenhouse, Prin. Male Public No. 1.
Samuel P Skinner, Young Ladies' Seminary.
Samuel W Kirkham, Au. of a popular Eng. Grammar.
Susan M Ingalls, Select Female Seminary.
Rev J P K Henshaw, Rector of St Peter's Church.
Rev R J Breckinridge, Pastor Presby. Churh.
Rev. John D Bartow, Rector Trinity Church.

PHILADELPHIA.

Samuel B. Wylie, D D Prof An. Languages in the University of Penn.
Walter R Johnson, Prof Mechanics, and Nat. Philos in the Franklin Inst.
R W Cushman, Prin. Young Ladies' Collegiate Inst.
Rev S W Crawford, Select School, Chesnut st.
Rev Charles Henry Alden, Young Ladies' High School
Charles Picot, Select School for Young Ladies.
John M Keagy, Friends' Academy, 4th st.
S C & B Walker, Scientific and Class. Acad.
Oliver A Shaw, Teacher of a Classical School.
N Dodge, Prin. Harmony Hall Seminary.
Rev Saml A McCoskry, Rector St Paul's Church.
Stephen H Tyng, D D Rector Ch. of the Epiphany.
Ezra Stiles Ely, D D Pastor of 3d Pres. Church.
Rev John McDowell, Pastor Central Pres. Church.
Rev John W James, Asst. Minister Christ Church.
W H Delancy, D D.

NEW-YORK.

Wm T Adams, Teacher Select School.
Edmund Barry, D D Prin Classical Acad.
R Huddart, Select School.
George W Hall, Prin. Washington Institute.
L D Windsor, Prin Public School No. 1.
Rev Geo Bush, Prof N Y University.
Rev Chs Anthon, Prof Columbian College.
Rev J F Schroeder, Asst Minister Trinity Church.
F S Worth, Prin Academy, Franklin st.
Rev John Powell, Rector St Peter's Church.
Rev H Anthon, Assist Minister Trinity Church.
Rev John Woodbridge, Pastor of Bowery Church.
John McVickar, D D, Prof Mon Phil'y Columbian College.
Rt Rev B T Onderdonk, Bishop P E Church, N Y.
Eliza Robbins, Author Popular Lessons, &c.
Lyman Colb, Author of several valuable School Books.

HARTFORD.

Mrs L H Sigourney. T A Knox, Prin Central School
F Goldthwait, Prin So Public School.
John P. Brace, Prin Female Seminary.
Rev Henry Stanwood, Pastor So Baptist Church.
Rev Horace Hooker, Editor Conn Observer.
Rev C C Vanarsdalen, Pastor 2d Church.
Rev Joel Hawes, Pastor 1st Church.
Rev G F. Davis, Pastor 1st Baptist Church.

BOSTON.

Rev Joseph Tracy, Editor of the Recorder.
Rev F W Greenwood, Rector King's Chapel.
Rev Wm Jenks, Pastor Church Green st.
Rev J S Stone, Rector St Paul's Church.
Rev H Winslow, Pastor Church Bowdoin st.
Rev Baron Stow, Pastor 2d Baptist Church.
Edward Reynolds, M D. John Randall, M D.
S D Townsend, M D. J V C Smith, M D.
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F Emerson, author of several popular School Books.
Samuel Barrett, Prin Adam's School. J Fairbanks, riting Master.
Levi Conant, Writing Master, Elliot School.
Barnum Field, Prin Hancock do.
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Cornelius Walker, Prin Wells School.
Abner Forbes, Prin Belknap st School.
T B Hayward, Select School Mt Vernon st.
James Robinson, Writing Master, Derne st. School.
Charles Fox, Prin Boylston School.
A Bronson Alcott, Sel't Prin School, Masonic Temple.
John P. Lathrop, Writing Master, Wells School.
Cus K Dillaway, Prin Public Latin School.
D H Storer, M D. Chandler Robbins, M D.
J H Lane, M D.
Josiah Holbrook, Lecturer on Lyceums, &c. &c.

Published by S. COLMAN, successor to Lilly, Wait & Co. and will be supplied on the day of publication in Portland, by Colman & Chisholm; New-York, Nelson & Hall; Philadelphia, John M. Gummey; Baltimore, Richards & Sons; Washington, D C. Duff Green; Richmond, Va. Richard D. Sanxay; Buffalo, N. Y., T. M & M Butler; New Orleans, Charles H. Banerott.

BLEACHED AND BROWN

AMERICAN COTTONS.

ELIAB STONE BREWER, No 414 Washington St offers for sale per piece or yard, 100 cases and bales of Bleached and Brown Cottons as follows—

Cases of Bleached 9-8 Cocheco Sheetings,
do do Lawrence Superfine Shirtings,
do da Hamilton 9-8 Sheetings & Long Cloth,
dc do Waltham Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Elliot do do
With a variety of low priced bleached Sheetings & Shirtings.
Bales of Brown Shirtings,
do do New Market Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Waltham do do
with a large assortment of low priced brown Sheetings and Shirtings.
Bleached and Brown Drillings.
Also—Bales of 6-8 and 4-4 Pengrove, Methuen Company Assanpink and Sharon Tickings.
Sewing Cotton by the case or pound.
The above goods were brought before the rise of Cotton, and are offered very cheap. feb 14

Spring Prints—cheap.

ONE case Light London PRINTS, new patters and *fast colors*, at 25 cts per yard. Just opened by E. F NEWHALL, 179, Washington street. mar 5

INDEX RERUM.

INDEX on Subjects intended as a Manual to aid the Student and the Professional Man, in preparing himself for usefulness, with an introduction illustrating its utility and method of use. By Rev John Todd. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. 2w sept

ORATORIO OF 'DAVID.'

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY intend repeating the beautiful Sacred Dramatic Oratorio of 'DAVID,' by Chevalier Sigismond Neukomm, TO-MORROW (Sunday) EVENING, 13th inst. at their Hall, corner of Washington and Boylston streets, commencing at half past six o'clock.

Those having obtained tickets for the last performance, and who, from the fulness of the Hall, were unable to obtain admittance, will please use the same on the next Sabbath evening, and as a limited number only are to be issued, a recurrence of any inconvenience from too great a crowd, will be prevented.

Tickets can be obtained at Ditson's Music Store, and Marsh, Capen & Lyon's—Washington street; also at the door on the evening, of performance—at 50 cents each.—A Programme of the Oratorio will be distributed at the door.

☞ Members are reminded that their privilege of introducing a friend, will be waived for the present. mar 12

Cheap Linens.

TWO cases *fine and low priced* LINENS, grass bleach of the best fabric for family use. Just received and for sale low by piece or yard, by E. E. NEWHALL, 199 Washington street. feb 27

REAL MADRAS CRAVATS

A FEW pieces of Real Madras Cravats, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington street. ju

Chemical Compound.

THIS article stands unrivalled for cleansing *all kinds of Metals and Metalic Ware*, removing instantly spots and stains of every description, renewing the polish and giving it a most brilliant lustre; it likewise excels in removing rust from *polished Steel, Iron, &c.* at the same time the Ware or Metals receive no injury from friction or oxidation as is the case with preparations of emery or acid. For sale at MARSH'S, No 77, Washington street, Joy's Building. feb 27

Washington Harmony.

A COLLECTION of SACRED MUSIC, original and selected. By Thomas B. White and Edward L. White. For sale by *Marsh, Capen & Lyon*, 133 Washington street, feb 27

Stock Frames, Buckles, &c.

STOCK Frames, Binding Skins and Buckles; for sale at KIMBALL'S 12 Washington street. june 6

Linens.

PARTICULARLY Cheap—warranted pure—just received by E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179, Washington street. mar 12

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RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PRIVATE LIFE OF GENERAL LAFAYETTE. In 2 vols. with 45 engravings.

THE FEMALE STUDENT, or *Lectures to Young Ladies on Female Education*. By Mrs Phelps, late Principal of Troy Female Seminary.

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SHAW'S ARCHITECTURE, 4th edition, revised and improved. This is an excellent work, containing 101 copperplate engravings, and worthy the attention of Mechanics generally.

THE WAY MARK—In which some of the terms of the Broad Road are pointed out.

'Make straight paths for your feet.'

Just published and for sale by *Marsh, Capen & Lyon*, 133 Washington street. mar 12

Rich Paris Muslins.

ONE package Printed MUSLINS, of best quality; manufactured for the Paris trade—very splendid Goods—at a *moderate price*. Just received and for sale by E. F. NEWHALL, 179 Washington street: mar 12

Brick Maker wanted.

WANTED a first-rate BRICK-MAKER to manufacture a million bricks on shares. Inquire at this office. 2w mar 12

French and English Chintzes.

A LARGE assortment of Winter Calicoes, selling off cheap by E. F. NEWHALL, dec 5 179 Washington street

PROSPECTUS OF THE

NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

THE GALAXY has been published eighteen years.—The Nineteenth Volume will commence with the coming year and be conducted by

HENRY F. HARRINGTON,

Assisted by several popular and well known authors.

The columns of the paper will be mostly filled with

STERLING ORIGINAL ARTICLES:

Of which Tales, Poetry and Essays,—Notices of New Publications, and of the Times—Sketches of Foreign and Domestic Character and Scenery—Biographical Notices, &c. will constitute a part.

The Publishers will endeavor as far as practicable to support American Literature and Character—to sustain a manly, sensible, yet severe and fearless criticism on Literature, Men and Manners—to expose and resist all attempts to impose on the credulity of friends or foes—to exercise a surveillance over all matters of local interest by exposing all nuisances and abuse to the public weal, and to handle Quackery under its various garbs, without gloves. This course, a rapid and continued accession of subscribers has already proved eminently popular and successful, the Galaxy promising soon to possess a larger list, than any weekly paper in this state. Determined therefore, still more to merit support and in furtherance, of a promise that the paper should increase in literary merit as it gained in public favor, the Publishers have engaged correspondents in several parts of our own country and in Europe.

In addition to which they offer Prizes—

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

As follows—FIFTY DOLLARS for the best, and TWENTY FIVE DOLLARS for the second best TALE and TWENTY-FIVE for the best POEM. The subjects and length of the several articles to be at the option of the competitors.—Manuscripts can be directed to the Editor of the Galaxy, *post paid*, to June 1st, 1836, and the award will be made by a literary committee during the month following. The address of the writer should be enclosed in a sealed note marked 'Name,' and the direction of the successful authors *only* will be opened. All the manuscripts to be at the disposal of the publishers of the Galaxy.

TERMS. The Galaxy is published every Saturday at THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. Postmasters or others forwarding twelve dollars shall receive Five papers or a reasonable commission.

CONDON & CO.
32 Congress street, Boston.

November the 7th, 1835.

☞ To Editors of papers in the *New England States*, who copy the above, and occasionally our notice of Contents, we promise an exchange for one year; provided always that the Galaxy shall not be put on a reading-room file. We would not exact this, were it not that our exchange list is already a heavy tax, and the advantage wholly on the side of our country brethren.

Hudson's Foreign Newspaper

AND PERIODICAL AGENCY AND FORWARDING OFFICE, corner of Wall and Water streets, New York.

General European Agent, *DR R. SHELTON MCKENZIE*, of Liverpool.

The subscriber having returned from Europe, is gratified in being able to announce to the merchants, editors of newspapers, and the public generally, that his arrangements for the above are now complete, and that he is now ready to receive orders to any extent, and for all foreign Newspapers and periodicals whatever, which can be delivered in this city or forwarded to any part of the country by mail, at the regular prices.

An arrangement has also been effected with the trade in Europe, so that all Miscellaneous works can be procured at the usual discount. A catalogue of upward of eleven hundred British publications has been received, and may be seen at the office.

DR R. SHELTON MCKENZIE of Liverpool has been appointed General Agent for Europe, the principal office being in Liverpool, with branches in London, Paris, Hare, Hamburg, and all the principal cities.

If necessary information will be given, on application to the office, (or by letter, post paid, addressed to Hudson's Foreign Agency, New York) where all orders will be executed with the utmost regularity and despatch.

ROBERT E. HUDSON.

N. B. Editors and publishers of Newspapers, Prices Current, Periodicals, &c. throughout the Union, are particularly requested to forward by mail, in a secure envelope a copy of their publication, (with a duplicate by a succeeding mail) that we may as early as possible complete a catalogue for the European offices.

Editors throughout the country would confer a favor by giving the above.

HUDSON'S MERCHANTS' NEWS ROOM.
New York, Feb 20, 1836. march 5

NEW BOOKS.

GILBERT GUNEY. By the author of Sayings and Doings, Love and Pride, &c.

SCENES AND CHARACTERISTICS OF HINDOSTAN, with sketches of society. By Emma Roberts, in 2 vols.

A NARRATIVE OF A VISIT TO ENGLAND. By John Bodman, D.D. one of the Deputation from the General Association of Massachusetts to the Congregational Union of England and Wales.

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA. By Tyrone Power. 2v.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE ECONOMY. By Theodore Sedgwick. Part 1st.

ANNALS OF PHRENOLOGY—Vol. 2. No. 4, for February, 1836.

For sale by *MARSH, CAPEN & LYON*, 133, Washington street. mar 5

Rich Plaid Ribbons!

ONE case PLAID RIBBONS, just received, of beautiful patterns and colors, Scarfs Embroidery, &c. Also, a great assortment of fine, plain and fancy Straw Bonnets and Gipsey Hats, for sale at No. 237 Washington street, opposite Central Court. 2mis mar 5

ZOOLOGICAL

EXHIBITION.

THE ZOOLOGICAL EXHIBITION, in Union street, is now open day and evening. The Collection of

BEASTS AND BIRDS,

is much more extensive than ady ever before exhibited in this city, and fills both the Upper and Lower Halls of the spacious building.

A large ANACONDA from the Island of Java.

Mr FLINT will enter the cages of the ferocious Animals at 4, P. M. and 8 in the evening. The Animals will be fed at half-past 8 o'clock in the evening:

Hours of Exhibition; from 10 A. M. to 12 M., from 1 to 4 1-2 P. M., and from 6 to 9 o'clock in the evening.

The large male Elephant will be brought into the circle at half-past 8 o'clock, P. M. dressed with his richly decorated saddle, thereby affording an opportunity to those who may wish to take a ride on this majestic Animal.

Admittance 25 cents; Children, under 10 years of age, half price.

☞ A limited number of Season Tickets for sale at the door. tf dec 19

BOXING GLOVES,

FOR sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington street. dec 5

MR. PADDON,

NO. 210 WASHINGTON STREET.
sept 12 tf

NEW BOOKS.

SHAW'S ARCHITECT; Fourth Edition, materially improved, with one hundred copperplate engravings. Also, Shaw's Operative Masonry; Rules of Work for Carpenters, &c. &c.

RIENZI, the Last of the Tribunes. By the author of 'Eugene Aram,' 'Last Days of Pompeii,' &c. &c.

'Amid the indulgence of enthusiasm and eloquence, Petrarch, Italy, and Europe were astonished by a Revolution which realized for a moment his most splendid visions.'—*Gibbon.*

HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF PLYMOUTH, from its first settlement in 1620, to the present time, with a concise History of the Aborigines of New England, and their wars with the English, &c. By James Thacher, M. D. A.A.S.

'Ask thy fathers and they will show thee;
Thy elders and they will tell thee.'

Second edition, enlarged and corrected.

BELL ON THE SMALL POX. An attempt to investigate some obscure and undecided doctrines in relation to Small Pox, Varioloid and Vaccination. By Luther V. Bell, M. D.

A Dissertation on the Boylston Prize Question for 1835 By Luther V. Bell. M. D.

Also, new and fashionable Novels constantly for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. jan 30

Rodgers' Penknives.

A FRESH supply of the Genuine RODGERS' PENKNIVES, some very rich patterns; also, Scissors and Razors, a prime assortment, for sale at MARSH'S, 77 Washington street, Joy's Building. mar 5

ACCOUNT BOOKS, &c. &c.

JOHN MARSH,

No. 77 Washington Street, Joy's Building.

HAS on hand a prime assortment of Account Books in Russia and Russet Binding, with patent spring backs—Also, a variety of smaller Account, Memorandum and Writing Books, Notes and Bills, Note and Receipt Books—Trunk Books or Banker's Cases, Portfolios, Manifold Letter Writer, &c.

English satin surface Letter and Note Paper, Foliopost and thin do for the copying press—black and red Ink, Japan do—sealing Wax, Wafers, with a large assortment of the most approved Metallic Pens.

Account Books furnished to order. Cards and Blank printed at short notice. istf jan 9

Copartnership Notice.

SAM'L HARRIS, would inform the public that he has this day taken into Copartnership Mr DAN'L JONES. The business hereafter will be transacted under the firm of HARRIS & JONES.

H. & J. will carry on the business of Shipwrights and Caulkers, at the wharf next south of Foster's wharf. A share of public patronage is solicited, and the smallest favors gratefully acknowledged.

Boston, March 1 1836. 4w march 5

French and English Prints.

GINGHAMS and PRINTED JACONETS, of new Spring styles. Just received and for sale low by E. F. NEWHALL, 179 Washington street, near the Old South Church. feb 27

CORRECTED PROOFS.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD. For sale by *Marsh, Capen & Lyon*, 133 Washington street. feb 20

Improvement on Dental Surgery

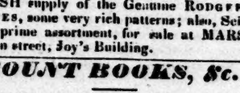
DR. B. T. PRESCOTT,

CONTINUES to perform all the necessary operations on the TEETH, both for their beauty and preservation.

Dr. P. having obtained the latest and highly approved method of inserting the mineral or *Incorruptible Teeth* on gold plate, so recently introduced in Paris, feels assured that he cannot fail to give a general and acknowledged satisfaction to all who may favor him with their calls.

Persons requiring operations on the Teeth, will please call and see specimens at office, corner of Hanover and Portland streets. 3mis dec 12

Ready Made Custom Shoes.



JOHN KIMBALL, 2d,

KEEPS on hand and continues to make to order, ladies', misses' and childrens' *SHOES*, of the first quality, manufactured on the French Lasts. The Lasts are systematically arranged; each Last is divided into six or seven sizes of fulness, so as to fit a narrow or full foot. Ladies in the country will find it for their advantage to examine the system. Orders for shoes may be sent, with certainty of their fitting, after the size is once known.

The length and breadth of sole and height of instep are expressed in this very simple way: (A 3-4) or (B 3-4) or (C 3-4). The letter denotes the width of sole—the top figure length of sole—bottom figure, height of instep or fullness of the shoe. When there is no letter, A is understood.

No. 198 Tremont Street,
july 4 tf *Six doors from Court Street.*

TO PHRENOLOGISTS.

CEPHALAMETER. A new article for taking the admeasurement of the head; it is neatly manufactured in brass with the scales so constructed as to be portable and convenient, and is considered quite an improvement on the common Craniometer.

For sale by *Marsh, Capen & Lyon*, 133 Washington street. feb 20

DR HOWE'S ADDRESS.

AN ADDRESS delivered at the Anniversary Celebration of the Boston Phrenological Society, Dec. 28th, 1835. By S. G. Howe.

SPRAGUE'S ADDRESS, delivered before the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, Dec. 22d, 1835.

For sale by *Marsh, Capen & Lyon*, 133 Washington treet. feb 20

INDIA RUBBER FACTORY,

WAREHOUSE, No. 8 State-street, offer to the public a superior assortment of India Rubber Goods, consisting in part of the following kinds, viz:

Large and small BEDS; MATTRASSES; PILLOWS; SADDLES and SADDLE PADS.
Gentlemen's CLOAK

SELECTED POETRY.

A BOARDING SCHOOL.

BY HOOD.

'Yet Ellen, like most misses in the land,
Had slipped sky blue through certain of her teens,
At one of these establishments which stand
In highways, byways, squares, and village greens:
'Twas called 'The Grove,'—a name that always means
Two poplars stand like sentries at the gate—
Each window had its close Venetian screens
And Holland blind, to keep in a cool state,
The twenty-four young ladies of Miss Bute.

But when the screens were left unclosed by chance,
The blinds not down, as if Miss B. were dead,
Each upper window to a passing glance
Revealed a little dimity white bed;
Each lower one, a croppe'd or curly head;
And thrice a week, for soul's and health's economies,
Along the road the twenty-four were led,
Like coupled hounds, whipped in by two she-dominies
With faces rather graver than Melpomene,s.

And thus their studies they pursued:—On Sunday,
Beef, collects, butter, texts from Dr. Price;
Mutton, French, pancakes, grammar—of a Monday;
Tuesday—hard dumplings, globes, Chapone's Advice;
Wednesday—fancy work, rice milk, (no spice);
Thursday—pork, dancing, currant-bolsters, reading;
Friday—beef, Mr Butler, and plain rice;
Saturday—scraps, short lessons, and short feeding,
Stocks, back boards, hash, steel collars, and good breeding

From this repertory of feminle learning,
Come Ellen once a-quarter, always fatter!
To gratify the eyes of parents yearning.
'Twas evident in bolsters, beef and batter,
Hard dumplings, and rice milk, she did not matter,
But heartily, as Jenkins says, 'demolilidge;'
But as for any learning, not to flatter,
As often happens, when girls leave their college,
She had done nothing but grow out of knowledge.

At long division sums she had no chance,
And history was quite as bad a baulk:
Her French it was too small for petty France,
And Prician suffered in her English talk—
Her drawing might be done with cheese or chalk;
As for the globes, the use of the terrestrial
She knew when she went out to take a walk,
Or take a ride; but touching the celestial,
Her knowledge hardly soared above the bestial.

Nothing she learned of Juno, Pallas, Mars;
Georgium, for what she knew, might stand for Burgo
Sidus, for Master; shen, for northern stars,
The Bear, she fancied, did in sable fur go,
The Bull was farmer Giles' Bull, and ergo,
The Ram the same that butted at her brother;
As for the twins, she only guessed at Virgo,
From coming after them, must be their mother;
The Scales weighed soap, tea, and sugar, like any other

As ignorant as donkies in Gallicia,
She thought that Saturn, with his Belt, was but
A private, may be, in the Kent Militia;
That Charles Wain would stick in a deep rut,
That Venus was a real West-End-Slut—
Qh, Gods and Goddesses of Greek Theogony!
That Berenice's hair would curl and cut,
That Cassiopeia's Chair was good mahogany
Nicely French polished—such was her cosmogony.

CHURCHES IN BOSTON.

Names.	Pastors.	Location.
	UNITARIAN.	
First Church,	N. L. Frothingham	Chauncey Place.
Second "	Chandler Robbins,	Hanover street.
King's Chapel,	F.W.P.Greenwood	Tremont "
Brattle St. Church,	Sam'l K. Lothrop,	Brattle "
New North "	Francis Parkman,	Hanover "
New South "	Alexander Young,	Summer "
Hollis St. "	John Pierpont,	Hollis "
Federal St. "	W. E. Channing, E. S. Gannett.	Federal "
" "	Charles Lowell,	Lynde "
South Boston "	Leonard Vassall,	Chambers "
	CALVINIST.	
Old South Church,	Sam'l H. Stearns,	Washington street.
Essex Street "	Nehemiah Adams,	Essex "
Park " "	———,	Tremont "
Mariners' "	Daniel M. Lord,	Purchase "
Green Street "	William Jenks,	Green "
Bowdoin " "	Hubbard Winslow,	Bowdoin "
Second Cong. "	Joy H. Fairchild,	South Boston.
Salem Street "	Geo. W. Blagden,	Salem street.
Pine " "	Artemas Boies,	Washington "
Free " "	———,	Milk "
Odeon,	Wm M. Rogers,	Federal "
	EPISCOPAL.	
Christ Church,	William Croswell,	Salem street.
Trinity "	J. M. Wainwright,	Summer "
St Matthew's"	H. L. Connelly,	South Boston.
St Paul's "	John S. Stone,	Tremont street.
Grace "	Zachariah Mead,	Amory Hall.
City Mission Chap.	Asa Eaton,	Washington street.
	BAPTIST.	
Second Baptist Ch.	Baron Stow,	Salem street.
Charles Street "	Daniel Sharp,	Charles "
Federal " "	George B. Ide,	Federal "
First Baptist "	William Hague,	Hanover "
Baptist "	———,	South Boston.
African Baptist "	John Given,	Belknap street.
Christian Society,	Joshua V. Himes,	Summer "
	METHODIST.	
First Method. Ch.	Daniel Fillemore,	North Bennet street
Second " "	John Lindsey,	Bromfield "
Third " "	Abel Stevens,	Piedmont "
Bethel "	E. T. Taylor.	North square.
African Chapel.	Sam'l Snowdon,	May street.
	UNIVERSALIST.	
First Uni. Church.	Sebastian Streeter,	Hanover street.
Second " "	Hosea Ballou,	School "
Central " "	Paul Dean,	Bulfinch "
Fourth " "	Benj. Whittemore,	South Boston
Fifth " "	———,	Boylston Hall.
	ROMAN CATHOLIC.	
Holy Cross Ch.	Bishop Fenwick, William Tyler, Michael Healey, John Curtyn,	Franklin street.
North Cath. Ch.	———,	Pond street.
	SWEDENBORGIAN.	
New Jerusalem Ch.	Thos Worcester,	Phillips Place.
	FRIENDS.	
First Society,	———,	Milton Place.

MISCELLANY.

[From the Portland Advertiser.]

BROOKS'S LETTERS.
THINGS IN SWITZERLAND.

XLV.

PAYERNE, Sept. 1 1835.

This place is Payerne in French, and Peterlingen in German—and as the people, the peasantry about here and beyond here, speak neither French nor German, but a confusion of both, a horrid *patois*, I am deaf again, deafer than ever; and deafness and dumbness are one and the same thing in the matter of language, I am very sure. I have to use my fingers and hands, and do them up in the form of a cup and flourish them about my mouth, before I can get even a drink of water. After all, there is not so much use in a tongue, remembering what a trouble it is at times in its mischievous waggery, and seeing that you *can* get along without it. I will take lessons of Gallaudet, however, before I recommence pedestrainism in the southern part of the Swiss cantons.

I do not know why I stopped at Peterlingin, for it is not remarkable for any thing, unless it be that nine *batzen*, (about twenty-five cents) pay for your dinner, in which is included a good bottle of red wine. The diligence, however, was going on in the night, and the *gens d armes* were bothering me about my passport, which perhaps, brought me to the halt for a day or more. I came in company with a young German, whom chance put in company with me on the outer seat of a Swiss diligence, but who, unfortunately for our companionship, did not know a word of French. In vain we tried to talk with any pleasure, till at last remembering my old success with the young German, at Baden Baden—after questioning him if he could speak '*Espagnole*,' which I did through a conversation book which I have in the five chief European languages, and hearing as an answer 'no,' I popped him the question, 'Do you speak Latin, sir?' I found he did, and with a fluency surprising to me—for he had twenty words at command to my one—and so rapidly did he ejaculate them, when his mouth was opened that I spirited up my ears often, to translate his sound of the letter u into the sound which my ear had been accustomed to;—though a practice, in college, of chatting Latin often, for the purpose of concealing what I was saying, has given me a command of words far better than my knowledge of the language entitles me to have. The idea of thus exchanging thoughts is so very novel to me, that I cannot avoid recording it. But twice in my whole life, I believe, I have never found any such real service for the Latin language—but the pleasure twice derived from such an interchange of thought as this, has recompensed me for all the dull hours of study, even if Latin was not of every day service every time I take a pen to write my own language.

Among our other companions in the body of the diligence, were a Dane and an Italian, with some chattering Frenchmen, who made the coach ring with their conversation. Babel—the tower of Babel, I mean—was or ought to have been built about here, somewhere or other, for I verily believe the people use a few of the scraps of all the tongues in the world. My studies in the English Yorkshire dialect seem to profit me most when my fingers will not convey my ideas. However, I got along very well in the excursion I made around Morat, and the *Aventicum* of the Romans, the French *Avenches*, and the German *Wiplisburg* of the present day. See the confusion into which the barbarians threw geography, the glorious triumph of Swiss valour under the walls of Morat, led me there—and if I could not see the trophy of Burgundian bones—the monumental ossuary Helvetian courage in its lustrous days had won, wherewith to pile up there, and which Burgundian legions to wipe away disgrace, had swept away when France was in its phrenzy—I saw the obleisk in its stead, and I stood upon the sacred ground. The slaughtered host, whose blood has often dyed the Rhine—I now stopped to think of, on that historick river; but here is a field where liberty was defended, and what American can forget to see it in his wanderings? Avenches, too is not without its interest as a Roman capital of other days. Who would think that what was once a city, with its porticos and its Cointhian columns, its baths, and aquedects, could be so mournfully reduced? Here was that famous epitaph—some Englishmen has brought it—of Julia Alphinula, the young Aventian priestess, who died soon after a vain attempt to save her father, condemned to death as a traitor by Aulus Caecina—'the Julia'—'the devoted daughter'—'breaking her heart over a father's grave,' whom Byron in a stanaa of Childe Harold, has made so celebrated.—With some truth did Byron say, 'I know of no human composition so affecting as this, nor a history of deeper interest.' I did not like the view of these ruined cities, there is such a sad melancholy in the thought about them. Think of the grass, the gardens, the orchards:—shere over amphitheatres and streets where once Vespasian trod in triumph; Think of using Roman ruins to build walls, houses, chateaux now!—I never see such things without an awe of the past. The links that such things are with that high-souled people whose legions threading even the dark glens of Scotland vibrate, as if touched by some electrick spark. The vision I have formed of history are lit, and kindled up and sparkle—so I fancy. Oh would that our streams and our mountain oaks could speak, and tell us what they were! Alas, that mythology is only false which gave a tongue to hills and streams; for what a story we then might hear of what was done ere Homer lived or Ilinds were spoken! I never before felt how blank this blank is in the new world of ours. But as I have said before, the future is for us. Our eye must kindle upon that. The past is here.

Peterlingen—horrid name; much better though than many fools are giving to American towns, when they make an Athens, Rome, or a London of them,—to Pellingen, how did I come? Freybourg, the capital of the Canton of that name was the first town of importance we entered into, after leaving Berne. The way is rather hilly—mountainous somewhat, but the road, all other roads, was excellent. A century to come, will bring us up with the continent, in the making of roads. Pretty little vallies were peeping out, every town we made and every pass we surmounted, The Swiss cottages were sprinkled over them, like flowers upon the trophied arch—for a valley here is often so hemmed in by mountain sides, that it costs no fancy to convert them to the arch that the clouds are vaulting. English neatness abont the doors is all the Swiss cottage needs to make it perfect. But as our farmers sin, so sin the Swiss.—Vermount is much like many parts of Switzerland. The farms are smaller here, the cultivation is better, but the country is ever reminding me of the mountainous regions of Vermont. If Vermont had some Alpine glaciers, an American need never cross the ocean to see Switzerland. The traveller knows when he is approaching Freybourgh, of which I have just spoken, by the beautiful country houses in its suburbs. Art and taste adorn its environs, as all over Switzerland in the bowers are built. Stained glass I marked in the windows of one, was giving a party a many-coloured view of the town, yet over the walks were neat and pretty. The promenades were attended to The Swiss peasant girl here appeared in new costume, in a wide, overshadowing bonnet that she with difficulty kept on her head. Now is is, that the women are beautiful—all c asses, high and low—which but a walk of a few minutes, in the streets, will soon convince the traveller of.

Toward sunset I left Freybourg. If the air had not been chilly and cool, perhaps I should have been awakened by what I now remember was the pretty scenery all around, at the last rays of the sun fell upon the snowy sides of the Alps, with the Jura on the right, and the rich vallies between. But no man can be enthusiastrick when cold or hungry—for cold and hunger are sad dampers upon the effervescence of the feelings. Even *Mont Blanc*, in his 'diadem of snow,' with 'the avalanch in his hand,' did not stir me, though at another time, the first glimpse of 'the monarch of mountains,' might have awakened whatever of spirit there was within me. O Peterlingen, blessed Peterlingen, ugly as is your name you gave us an excellent supper, and a better bed—and what is icy Mont Blanc, compared with Peterlingen wine?

NEW BOOKS.

JUST published and for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street:

Combe on the Constitution of Man. The Constitution of Man, considered in relation to external objects. By George Combe. Fifth American Edition, materially revised and enlarged by the author; being the 7th volume of the Phrenological Library.

Gall's Works. Gall's Works on the functions of the Brain and each of its parts; with observations on the possibility of determining the instinct, propensities and latents, or the moral and intellectual dispositions of men and animals, by the configuration of the brain and head.—Translated from the French, by Winslow Lewis, Jr. M. D. in 6 volumes; being the first 6 volumes of the Phrenological Library.

Mellen's Poem. 'The Passions:' a Poem, pronounced at the Odeon, Dec 28th, 1825, on the occasion of the Anniversary of the Birth of Spurzheim, by Grenville Mellen.

Sacred Memoirs, or Family Instruction: being a History of Moses, the Jewish Lawgiver.

M. C. & L. keep constantly on hand for sale all the *Singing Books* in general use—among which are:

Stoughton Collection, 6th edition, with additions and improvements.
Boston Handel & Haydn Society's Collection, 15th ed.
The Choir or Union Collection of Church Music.
Boston Academy's Collection.
Bridgewater Collection, 25th edition.
Ancient Lyre, by Charles Zeuner.
American Harp " "
National Church Harmony.
Social Choir, &c. &c. feb 6

WATER PROOF PREMIUM GOODS

INDIA RUBBER WATER PROOF GOODS of the Style and quality which obtained the PREMIUM MEDAL AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE—NEW YORK, at their last Annual Exhibition. Constantly for sale at the Boston and Lynn India Rubber Company's Store, No 52 Water street, Boston—viz; Cloaks.—Wrappers—Surtouts—Cloak Capes—Pea and Monkey Jackets—Sportsmen do—Pantaloons with or without feet—Caps with Capes—Cushions—Life Preservers—Hydrostatic Sheets *and beds complete*—Bath sacks—Hydraulic tubing—Injection do, &c. *Air Beds*—Cushions—Pillows—Gass Bags—with every variety of articles impervious to air or water—at wholesale or retail by

nov 1 tf C. C. NICHOLS & CO.

NEW WORKS.

STORIES OF THE SEA. By Capt Marryatt, R. N. author of 'Peter Simple,' 'Japhet in search of a Father,' &c.

RULES OF WORK, originally adopted by the Carpenters of the town of Boston, in 1774, and revised in 1800; to which are added Rules for Measuring Hammered Granite Stone. Adopted, April, 1829. From Shaw's Civil Architecture, and Operative Masonry.

'THE NAVAL ANNUAL,' or *Stories of the Sea*, for 1836; containing the Pirate, and the Three Cutters By Capt Marryatt, R. N. Illustrated with 19 splendid engravings, from C. Stanfield, Esq. A few copies just received for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. jan 16

NEW HAT STORE.

ANSON DEXTER,
(Late of the firm of Olney, Dexter & Gill)

HAS for sale at his store, No. 37 Court st. opposite the new Court House, an entire NEW STOCK of the most fashionable N. York and Boston made *HATS, CAPS, GLOVES* and *UMBRELLAS*. His friends and the public are invited to call and examine them.

N. B. Hats and Caps made to order. tf may 9

BUTLER'S

EFFERVESCENT MAGNESIAN APERIENT,

FOR the prevention and cure of Indigestion, Bilious and Liver Complaints, nervous weakness, head-ache, heart burn, habitual costiveness, giddiness, cutaneous diseases, &c. The suprising efficacy of this superior medicine has obtained for it the patronage of many eminent persons, whose high encomium, together with its extensive and increasing sale, fully proves its pre-eminence, and bids fair to render it the most peculiar remedy extant. To the dyspeptic, the sedentary, and studious, it will be found invaluable, from its promoting a proper action of the liver in the secretion of the bile, or corrects it when in a vitiated state. Obstructions of the stomach or bowels are gradually removed; it restores the appetite, and gives tone, strenght and energy to the system. Travellers and residents in warm climates, will find Butler's Magnesian Aperient a desirable article: it prevents any accumulation of bile, is portable, and the method of preparing an unusually convenient. Prepared by H. Butler, Chemis-London.

Sold wholesale and retail by *PALMER, JONES & BLAKE*, American House, 44, Hanover street, sole agents for the city of of Boston. june 6

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE

THE Subscribers have formed a connection for the transaction of a General Commission Business, under the firm of BRUCE & RICHARDS, at 33 and 34, Commercial wharf.

Refer to Messrs.
ROB'T G. SHAW & Co. and
EDW. & WM. B. REYNOLDS.

BENJ. BRUCE,
JOSEPH L. RICHARDS
july 4

BURNS AND SCALDS.

A POSITIVE CURE.

ANTI-PHLOGISTIC PASTE, for Burns and Scalds, Erysipelas and Phlegmonous Inflammation, St Anthony's Fire, Erythema, Shingles, Stings and Bites of Insects Inflamed Blisters, Vegetable Poisons, Chapped Hands, &c. Fever Sores, (Necrosis) Biles, Inflamed Breasts, Whitlow, Abscesses, Carbuncles Gangrene, &c. &c. &c Sore Legs, Ulcers of every description, Schirrous Tumors and Glands, Bruises and Sprains: Fractures, Contused and Lacerated Wounds: every grade of Gunshot Wounds. It is sure to give immediate relief, and a healthy action to the living parts, and we can hardly conceive of a fracture or wound so bad as to cause death or need amputation, if the Paste be timely and properly applied. All inflammations of a specific character, as Scrofulous Tumors, Glands, Ulcers and Abcesses; White Swellings and Inflamed Joints from any cause.

Scrofulous Humors, and every other species of Eruption, as Salt Rheum, Herpes, Scalded Head, Ringworm, Pimpled Face, and Blotches. It is a specific for the Piles giving immediate relief. Local Syphillitic Inflammation it is sure to remove, and prevent suppuration in the worst cases.

In all the above diseases the Parte has but one action, which is the removal of heat, pain, swelling and more or less of fever when this is done, nature soon finishes the cure, or the diseased parts become well simultaneously. It needs no certificates; use it, and you will know more of it than can be told you.

Sold wholesale and retail by TROTT & CO, 128 State street, Boston, and by Druggists in the city generally.—Also, by Asa B. Foster, Weston, (Vt) and A. & T. Hall Keene, (N. H.) B. F. Brown, Salem, (Mass) J. R. Wadsworth, Providence, (R. I.) J. Hubbard, Lowell, (Mass.) John H. Wheeler, Dover, (N. H.) dec 13

TO THE AFFLICTED!

DR. T. BELL has removed from his former residence to 45 South Russell Street, corner of May street, and tenders his services to the public. Having been forty years in the practice of physic both in Europe and America, he flatters himself of being able to give general satisfaction. For the last fifteen years he has adopted the vegetable medicine system—the advantages this system possesses over every other is sufficiently tested in every section of the Union. He will undertake the following disorders where there is a prospect of cure viz: cancers, asthma, coughs of ever so long standing, scrofula, ulcers from whatever cause, &c. Also—liver complaints, diarrhoea, piles, worms, and jaundice.

N. B.—Also, a certain complaint, (in most cases without the use of mercury) People of either sex may be introduced to the Doctor without seeing each other and at the same time may rely upon secrecy and honor.

At the same place may be had the following medicines, and no where else—Bell's Eye Water, for weak or weeping eyes, an excellent article. 2s per vial—Tooth Paste, an invaluable article for preserving the enamel of the teeth, 2s per box—also, his Bilious Pills that cannot be surpassed, and create no griping what ver. 3s per box. 6w sept 26

CURE FOR JAUNDICE,

INDIGESTION, &c. &c.

The cleansing, purifying Vegetable Panacea, long known as Dennison's Bitters, or the great antibilious corrective. Under the patronage of the first physicians in this city, it has been found all their qualities to boil-ports to be, one of the best medicines in the world for these complaints. It is of legitimate origin, emanating from the great Dr. Letteom of London, and their good qualities have been tested for more than a quarter of a century, during which period it has been in constant request, and from the great space occupied, with one or two exceptions, they have of late years been omitted.—The following diseases, mostly proceeding from the same cause, are greatly relieved if not entirely cured by this medicine, viz.

Jaundice, Indigestion, Worms, Loss of Appetite Weakness of the Stomach, Cholic, Costiveness, Flatulence, Headache, Strangury, Dropsy, Dysentery and all impurities of the blood.

Different kinds of Trusses.

Salmon's Brevet pad in ball and socket. Plain and Bellows pad do. Kite pad, English improved Truss, patronised and approved by one of our first physicians.—Common English do. Hull's do. Stone's do. Shaker's do. French do. india rubber pad, made in Philadelphia. Marsh's N. Y. do. Improvement on Hull's. Umbilical do. Children's do, all sizes. Double do. for double ruptures. Bateman's improved do. &c. &c.

Also—Foreign Leeches, and Watts' Lucifer Matches (large) 12 1-2 cts box. 81 per doz

Apply to J. P. WHITWELL, Druggist, corner of Milk and Bath street. 6m april 25

DRY GOODS,

AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE Subscriber, intending leaving this part of the country for the South, about the first of August next, offers for sale the whole of his extensive Stock of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC GOODS, and Lease of the Store No 414 Washington street, and the Stock will be sold at very reduced prices at retail, until closed.—Among which are the following varieties viz—

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Athenian Cassimere, Roueu Cassimere, Athenian Camlets, &c. &c.

4 bales of superior Welch, English and American Flannels. Some of them are very superior and are warranted not to *shrink* in *washing*.

2 bales of Angola Flannel, an excellent article for summer wear.

1 bale Domet Flannel.
4 do col'd American do.
4 do col'd Domets.
3 cases of superior English Cambric Dimotie.
1 do do Furniture Dimoty.
1 do col'd Poult de Soie Silk, at 3s per yrd, of an excellent quality.
Cases Irish Linens, of superior quality.
Cases of English and American Prints.
Cases and Bales of brown and bleached Cotens.
Cases of white Cambric and Cambric Muslin.
Cases of Bishop Lawns, from 20c to 5s 3d per yard.
1600 ps Nankin and Canton Straw Carpeting.
Cases of Taylor's Persian Spool Cotton, 4 3s per dozen, or 5c per Spool, warranted of very superior quality. Cases of Spool Cotton, at 6d per dozen.
1 case of Open Work Cotton Hose, at 1s per pr.
Cases of 4-4 and 6-4 Bobbinet Laces, from 9d to 5s 3d per yard. 1 case Grecian do superior quality, at 1s per yd.
1 bale Russia Damask 5-4 and 8-4, a very durable article for Table Cloths.
2 cases India and English Silk Hdkfs.
2 do col'd Table Cloths, assorted sizes.
1 do col'd bordered cotton Hdkfs imita. L. Cat 9d each. 1 do Linen Hdkfs.
4 do American Sewing Cotton.
5 bales Russia Crash.
3 cases Linen and Cotton Tapes.
1 case English Pins.
7 bales of Pickings, assorted qualities—and a great variety of other Goods, which will be sold in proportion

ELIAB STONE BREWER,
may 30 No. 414 Washington street.

MERINOS.

PRIME assortment of English and French Merino and Thibet CLOTHS, for sale low, by E. F. NEWHALL, 179 Washington street. dec 5

MATRESSES,

Feather Beds, Ticking, &c. &c

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO.
No. 18 UNION STREET.

HAVE on hand for sale, a first rate assortment of Hair Mattresses, Feather Beds, Ticking, &c. Orders for the supply of Public Houses, &c. executed with neatness and despatch.

Also, on hand, a large supply of Curled Hair, Foreign and Domestic Feathers, &c. which they offer for sale on the most reasonable terms. june 72

MULBERRY MERINOS.

A FEW pc Mulberry, Brown, Olive and Green, very dark and desirable shades, just received and for sale by E. F. NEWHALL,
dec 5 179 Washington street.

GO TO
KIMBALL'S
12, WASHINGTON-STREET,
FOR
STOCKS,
LINEN DRAPERY, HOSE, GLOVES, &c.

Compound Syrup of ICELAND MOSS.

FOR the cure of Colds, Asthma, Whooping Cough Spitting of Blood, and Consumption.

ICELAND MOSS grows plentifully in the Island of Iceland, from whence it takes its name, and in all the high northern latitudes of Europe and Asia, where its Medicinal qualities have been long known and highly appreciated. This plant contains a larger proportion of VEGETABLE MUCILAGE than any other known substance; and in combination with it is a bitter principle, which acts most beneficially in giving strength in cases of great weakness and debility of the lungs.

The knowledge of many of our most valuable medicines, for the cure of diseases, has been obtained from observing their effect on brute animals—so is this most invaluable Moss. Its virtues were discovered by their effects on a HARDY, LONG-LIVED and sagacious REINDEER, which derives its principal nourishment from the Iceland Moss, and whose milk becomes so highly imbued with its Balsamic virtues, that it is used with the greatest confidence as a sovereign remedy, by the inhabitants of all those countries, for the cure of all diseases of the Breast and Lungs.

In France, this compound has long been known and extensively used; and to its salutary effects, as much as to the salubrity of the climate, is probably owing the very small number of fatal cases of consumption in that country, compared with Great Britain and the United States. This Syrup contains all the medicinal virtues of the Moss, in the most concentrated form, and is prepared from the original recipe from Paris, only by

E. HUTCHINGS & CO., Baltimore.

And none is genuine unless it has their fac-simile upon each bill of direction—also upon the envelope, and sealed with their seal.

The above article may be obtained of PALMER JONES & BLAKE, American House, 44, Hanover street. june 20

DR. PHELPS' ARCANUM.

THIS Syrup is celebrated for the cure of Scrofula Eruptions or Diseases of the Skin, Syphilis or Venereal Complaints, Rheumatism, Ulcers in the Throat and other parts of the Body, Mercurial Affections, Liver Complaints, Diseases of the Blood, deep-seated pains in the Muscles, Bones, &c, and a regenerator of emaciated and broken constitutions, caused by disease, intemperance, &c.

From the Republican.

Mr Editor—For years past, my children have been severely affected with a desease of the skin, of an exceedingly obstinate character. The eruption sometimes was distinct, of a pustular form, and again would be confluent and laminated, and occupy the whole surface, and the scalp of one of them, in particular, was so completely encrusted, that the hair became matted over the whole head, presenting, as must be obvious, a very disagreeable appearance, besides a constant discharge of matter. The disease, in all of them, assumed during its existence, a variety of shapes and appearances, and seemed to defy the power and ingenuity of the healing art. I have, however, reason to believe from observation and enquiry, that Eruptions, or Diseases of the kind are not uncommon among children, and even adult persons, though they may not often attain that aggravated character as in the present instance. During the past winter, which season of the year I am persuaded is the most unfavorable for curing diseases or eruptions of the skin, I procured a number of Dr. Phelps, Arcanum, and administered it, to one or two of my children, who were the most severely afflicted. In a short space of time I observed an evident amendment in their condition, the eruption gradually disappeared, and I commenced giving the Arcanum to the remaining number, with similar and decided success. The eruption in all of them has entirely disappeared, and they now appear healthy and in good condition by this treatment only. EMERY PERRY.

Worcester, May 1, 1835.

From the Worcester Republican of July 22d, 1835.

We consider it a small tribute of commendation to the chrracter of the Arcanum of Dr. Phelps, to remark that its success over other kinds of treatment in the cure of diseases of the skin, scrofula, and many other chronic and obstinate diseases, is astonishing.

The case of Mrs L. W. Stowell of this town, and of the daughter of M. Deavenport, Esq. of Boylston, are instances of success that should be recorded. We publish to-day the certificate of Mr. Perry with regard to the efficacy of the article in the treatment of his family, at his request.

For sale at wholesale and retail, by WILLIAM WARD, wholesale and retail dealer in Paints, Medicines and Dye Stuffs, 26 and 27, India-street, near the head of Central Wharf, Boston.

Also for sale by Druggists generally. august 8.

TOOTH ACHE.

THE EDINBURGH TOOTH ACHE PASTE is a positive remedy for the above complaint, as can be established by numerous certificates It is perfectly harmless in its application, and frequently effects a cure in the space of five minutes. For sale by the following druggists—JOS. KIDDER, corner of Hanover and Court; BROOKS, LOCKYER, Hanover street; CHAS. HOLLINGTON, Washington street; JOS. T. BROWN, Washington street, and E. HOLDEN, Cambridge st.

BROADCLOTHS.

NEW AND FASHIONABLE BROADCLOTHS AND CASSIMERES; LADIES' CLOTHS; LAMAS; ERMINETT'S; ANGOLAS; DRILLINGS; CAMLETS, JEANS, &c

For sale at JOHN H. PRAY'S *variety Cloth Store No. 48 Washington street.*

THE above advertised, comprises one of the larges assortments of seasonable and *fashionable* Cloth and Cassimeres, of French, English, German and American manufacture, to be found in the city: and a great variety of Worsted, Silk, Linen and Cotton spring and summer Stuffs; together with fashionable Silk, Marseilles, Valentia and Velvet Vestings; Brown, Black & Bleached Linens; Brown and Bleached Cottons; Padding; Canvas; Silk, Twist, Thread, Buttons, &c.

This Stock deserves an examination by purchasers who are invited to call, and are assured that prices as average as low as can be named for the like articles, any others in Boston. 6m m

MAN'S GREATEST AND

—BEST EARTHLY TREASURE—

HEALTH PRESERVED—OR LOST—RESTORED

SEARS'S AMERICAN HYGIENE VEGETABLE RENOVATING PILLS, are now offered for the benefit of the public, by the Author, under an honest persuasion, that the certificates of their efficacy and effects; and the references and testimony respecting his own reputation and character, will secure for them public confidence. They have been the result of much research and experiment, occasioned by unusual sufferin from Dyspepsia and a diseased liver for 30 years. During a considerable part of this period, it has been to me an object of anxious solicitude to discover some preparation of medicine better calculated to relieve me o my sufferings, than any I had heretofore used. And after many experiments in Materia Medica; and, among the vegetables of our country, I have succeeded in preparing a medicine, purely and entirely vegetable, which does in an eminent degree, answer that important and desirable object. Their effect is to excite and sustain natural peristaltic action in the stomach and intestines and to produce a discharge from them of all the morbid and bilious matter which they contain; and also to remove biliary obstructions, and promote and sustain the natural secretions of the liver. Hence they are peculiarly efficacious in curing all diseases, originating from a disordered state of the stomach and bowels: such a Indigestion, Costiveness, Bilious Cholic, Nervous and Sick Headache, Hypocondria, Yellow and Black Jaundice, Cholera Morbus, Cutaneous Eruptions, Erysipelas Heartburn, Sourness of Stomach, and General Debility Their efficacy has been fairly and abundantly tested by my own experience and that of many others. They may with perfect safety, be taken by both sexes, of all ages in cases of indisposition; and they are peculiarly effectual in liver complaints. In offering them to the public I pledge my reputation and character, that a perfect trial of their effects will satisfy them of their superior excellency in regard to my reputation and character, I have permission to refer to the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk and she Rev. Dr Spring, of New York; and I would also present the two following certificates from the Hon John W. Taylor, and the Hon. Judge S. Young, of Ballston Spa, whose characters are well known to the public

"I certify that I have been well acquainted with William Sears, now of the village of Ballston Spa, for more than thirty years. He has through life maintained a fair reputation His character for truth and general integrity stands high. Indeed I have never heard it impeached.

JOHN W. TAYLOR.

Ballston Spa, Oct. 6th, 1834."

"I have known Mr William Sears for more than thirty years, having resided most of that time in the same town with him, and during that period he has sustained a character without reproach. S. YOUNG.

Oct. 6, 1834."

Extract from a certificate of Mr James Comstock, editor of the Ballston Spa Gazette—"For several years past Mrs. Comstock has been afflicted with an unusually obstinate Dyspepsia, attended with a great degree of acidity of the stomach, and redundancy of bile. For several months past she has taken Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, and has experienced more benefit from them than she has ever received from any medicine. I can with confidence recommend them to the public.

JAS. COMSTOCK."

Extract from a certificate of Mrs Powel, wife of the Hon. Judge Powel, of Saratoga county—"For many years past I have been afflicted with the symptoms of dyspepsia, which have frequently been attended with a pain in my side, so severe as to confine me. About three months since I commenced taking Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, which have greatly relieved me, and rendered unnecessary the use of any other medicine. I highly esteem them, and recommend them to all who are afflicted as I have been, with a liver complaint.

ANN POWEL.

Galton, Oct. 3, 1834."

For sale by Messrs. HENSHAW & CO. Druggists, Boston—where circulars, giving a more general description of them, will be distributed gratis.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICES.

THE Subscribers have formed a Copartnership in business under the firm and style of

JONES, LOWS & BALL,

and will occupy the new granite building recently erected, No. 123 *WASHINGTON STREET*, where they respectfully solicit the patronage of their friends and the public.

JOHN J. LOW,
FRANCIS LOW,
SAMUEL S. BALL,
GEORGE B. JONES.

June 15

A CARD. The Subscriber having relinquished his interest in business to his Son, George B. Jones, and disposed of his entire stock to Mess. JONES, LOWS & BALL, takes pleasure in recommending his friends and customers to the above firm. All persons indebted to him will please make payment, and all to whom he may be indebted are requested to call and receive their dues, at 123 Washington Street. JOHN B. JONES.

June 15

NOTICE. The Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of JOHN J. LOW & CO. is by mutual consent this day dissolved—Having formed a new copartnership, they respectfully ask the patronage of their former customers and friends for the new firm of JONES, LOWS & BALL. The unsettled affairs of the late firm of John J. Low & Co. will be adjusted at No. 123 Washington street. JOHN J. LOW.

Nov 10, 1835. FRANCIS LOW.

E. F. NEWHALL,

179, WASHINGTON-STREET,

HAS now open a fine assortment of Rich Silks—Merinos—Velvets—Shawls—Hdkfs—English and French Chintzs—Broadcloths—Cassimeres—Ladies Cloths—Flannels and other Dry Goods

☞ Purchasers are invited to examine the assortment nov 7

BOOTS and SHOES

FOR CASH, at very low prices, wholesale and retail, by *THOMAS C. WALES*, No. 195 Washington street.

TAYLOR'S SPOOL COTTON

ELIAB STONE BREWER has constantly for sale *TAYLOR'S PERSIAN SPOOL COTTON.* The very best article of sewing Cotton imported, as will be asserted by every lady that has used it.

april 25 414, *Washington-street.*

ANNUALS FOR 1836.

FISHER'S *Drawing Room Scrap Book.* With Poetical Illustrations by L. E. L. With thirty-six engravings.

Friendship's Offering, and Winter's Wreath, with eleven engravings.

Forget-Me-Not, edited by Frederick Shoberl, containing eleven engravings.

The Gift, edited by Miss Leslie, with nine engravings.

The Token and Atlantic Souvenir, edited by S. G. Goodrich, with twelve engravings.

The Religious Souvenir, edited by Chauncey Cotton, D. D. President of Bristol College, Penn. With eight engraving.

The Pearl, or Affection's Gift, with seven engravings.

The Magnolia, edited by Henry W. Herbert, with thirteen engravings.

Also, a variety of other valuable Books, in rich arabesque, calf and morocco binding, for Christmas, Birthday and New Year's presents.

New Annuals received as soon as published by
MARSH, CAPEN & LYON,
nov 7 133 Washington-st.

B. F. FOSTER,

TEACHER of Penmanship and Book Keeping, 116 Washington street. Classes, morning, afternoon and evening. july 11

SHEPHERD, OLIVER & CO.

TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS.

No. 3, Water Street, 2 doors from Washington St.

KEEPS for sale, all kinds of Book and Newspaper Type, both new and second hand.

Stereotyping of all kinds executed with accuracy and despatch on the most reasonable terms.

A large discount made for cash. april 4

DACRE.

A NOVEL. Edited by the Countess of Morley.—For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. august 8

FOR THE DEAF.

THE Boston and Lynn India Rubber Co. have manufactured and offer for sale, an India Rubber Elastic Ear Trumpet, of an entirely new construction, by means of which persons not entirely deaf are enabled to hear with perfect distinctness the ordinary tones of the voice in conversation.

They are perfectly portable, of an elegant finish, and have been pronounced by persons who have used them superior to anything of the kind in use.

For sale at the Co's Warehouse, No. 52 Water st.

JAMES LORING, 132 Washington street, has just published the MASSACHUSETTS REGISTER for 1836, containing the names of the new Legislature, new City Officers, Justices, Lawyers, Ministers and Physicians throughout the State. Also, a complete list of the Post Masters, Militia Officers, Colleges; Education, Missionary, Bible, Tract, Sabbath School, Medical, Literary, Marine, Temperance, Charitable and Anti-Slavery Societies; Banks and Insurance Companies; National, Army, and Navy Departments; names of Consals, names and location of all the Banks in New England, Census of Boston for 1835, an account of the Commerce of Boston for 1835, particulars of the Great Fire in New York, &c. &c. jan 30

ACCORDIONS,

WITH SEMITONES.

AMONG the lot received to-day, are a few with this desirable addition. For sale by

JOSEPH L. BATES,
march 21 6 Cour